

FOR MATURE ADULTS ONLY

BRUTARIAN

~~\$10.95~~

#13

IN THE LAIR OF THE DAMES!!



COVER
SOME WISE
GUYS AT THE
BAR TOLD
TOUGH GUY
PRIVATE EYE
STEEL
HARDFRAME
THAT THERE
WAS EITHER
A LADY OR
TIGER IN
THE MEN'S
ROOM...

INTERVIEWS:
SKREW·POPPY
Z. BRITE·JOHN HOWARD
OF HORNY BIKER SLUTS

HONG
KONG
MOVIES

MOVIE MUSIC
and BOOK REVIEWS
• COMICS •



P. Reverss A.K.A. MICHAEL KUPPERMAN



Dear Breastesses,

Man, I wish I knew how much fun these dolls were sooner. I would like to make it known that women are not as good as Susie. Susie never says no. Susie never bitches that I'm broke. Susie doesn't care that I live with my parents. Susie always wants to fuck. I love you Susie. Here is a poem for her:

*As I sit in my lazy boy chair
I dream of the funky sent [sic] of
cochie [sic] hair,
with no job from which to get
paid
and no girlfriend from which to
get laid
I pull her out.*

Bry Goldstein
Miami, FLA

Dear Sirs,

taH ach yuhlow rebBun roWn dahH
ShHatna PnuS. sPoQ aus Gawd
miK ach HEnus PHaliS. Wo est MeH
dast noch Star TReken tuNacht!
SuLU luK laK CTHuLU. Hee Hee
Pagh Tahbe.

Sincerely,
Lawrence Shoen
President, Klingon Language Inst.
Hershey Highway, ME

Okay,

I married a child molester but only because I want to be the richest white bitch in the world. I mean, even if that bleached black monster

wasn't diddling little kids you think I want to spend the rest of my life fighting over whose makeup is whose and why my panties have shit stains on them? No sir. Besides, The King didn't bring me up to fuck porch monkeys, even ones who look like Liz Taylor. And anyway, my Scientology friends said it wouldn't hurt to spread around some of that Jackson green. I mean, what the hell, he owns the fucking Beatles!

Aghast and Agape,
Lisa Marie Presley
Trailer Park, AL

Dear Nigger-Haters,

Youn cain't see I doan have de lease interes in killin de bitch. I kin get whaneva pussy I hav de nevermin tuh puht ma mine two. Behsids dat mothafucka stink. Bak to yous O Jays. I means Joe. He's da mothafuckin' mush mouth. An he stinks two. Wite cocksucka. I kick his wite mothafuckin' ass. Momma know. Momma where is you? I be lonely. Youn doan stink.

Ise Hurtin'
OJ Simpleton
Horrorwood, CA

Dear Trash Magazine Publisher,

I take exception to the previous letter. Although it was written in the

spirit of satire, I feel it goes beyond the pale and unduly criticizes a truly pathetic and badly suffering soul. More importantly, I believe it to be a rather cheap shot implication of the quality of education students receive at the University of Southern California. Let me set the record straight for your readers. Yes, OJ Simpson did matriculate at USC for two years. No, he did not attend a single class. Those of our student athletes who are functionally illiterate are not required to do so. I hope this elucidates this matter to your satisfaction.

Go Trojans! Beat Irish!
Dean Wormer
Ph.D., BMF & BLT

Gentlemen,

As regards your current centerfold: the "subtlety" of your invective is not lost on me. The fact that you seek to address the inherent contradictions of sexual power exchange by maligning extremist feminist text and soulless pornographic expression in one breath however does not make you heroes. To truly understand the horror and frustration of the female condition you must have the proper credentials. Personal suffering, alienation, self-loathing and a bottomless well of pain are simply inadequate qualifications. Cut off your penises, then we can talk.

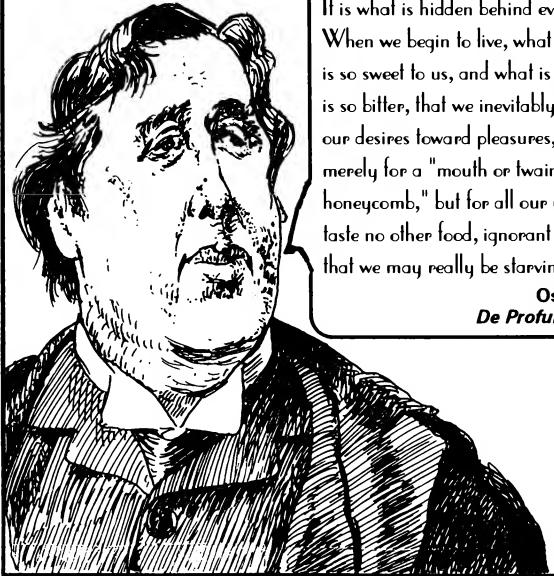
Once, twice, three times a woman
(at least in girth),
A. Dworkin
Damageville, U.S.A.



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The secret of life is suffering.
It is what is hidden behind everything.
When we begin to live, what is sweet
is so sweet to us, and what is bitter
is so bitter, that we inevitably direct all
our desires toward pleasures, and seek not
merely for a "mouth or twain to feed on
honeycomb," but for all our years to
taste no other food, ignorant all the while
that we may really be starving the soul.

Oscar Wilde
De Profundis, 1905

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Men: dom salemi, Jarrett Huddleston, Jim Schoene Women: Sandy Smiroldo, Sara Porter

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KNUCK-FUCK

A Brut conversation with the creator of Horny Biker Slut: John Howard



WHEN YOU SAY HORNY BIKER SLUT YOU'VE SAID IT ALL. YOUNG JOHN HOWARD'S SALACIOUS COMIC BOOK HAS BEEN GOING STRONG FOR ABOUT THREE YEARS AND HAS BECOME SOMETHING OF A CAUSE CELEBRE FOR THE POLITICALLY INCORRECT. MR. HOWARD HIMSELF WAS THE SUBJECT OF A FEATURE IN LARRY FLYNT'S "HUSTLER" AND AL GOLDSTEIN'S "SCREW," QUITE A STEP UP (OR DOWN) FOR THE LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY ILLUSTRATOR. CLEARLY, JOHN HOWARD IS GOING PLACES. WHAT PLACES WE HAVE NO IDEA BUT WE THOUGHT, BY WAY OF AARON LEE, WE'D HOP ABOARD FOR A SHORT RIDE.

interview by Aaron Lee

BRUT: After our last chat, *Screw* magazine described you as "disappointingly normal."

JOHN: Well I blame you for that. Your lame interview style. No, actually, I'm ashamed. I've never read *Screw*.

BRUT: Because you're too normal! You've got *Time* and *Newsweek* laying on your coffee table.

JOHN: Normal compared to what?

BRUT: You've got a car, a house and a wife.

JOHN: In that order.

BRUT: How many other pornographers can you name with such a suburban lifestyle? You're sitting here in a "Kiss the Chef" apron?

JOHN: I don't know that many other pornographers. My lifestyle's not *that* lavish. The money's not in pornographic *comics*, for God's sake. It's in photography and filmmaking.

BRUT: Yeah, but then you'd have a coke habit.

JOHN: I tell myself that to help me sleep better. But the truth is I'm a money-grubbing whore.

BRUT: What's your circulation?

JOHN: The initial print run is ten or fifteen thousand. The Last Gasp waits for it to sell out. Since they're a distributor too, that's not a big problem. They just sit on whatever's left over and then go into reprints. I think the first issue has sold 30,000 so far.

BRUT: For the sake of context, how many copies does an issue of *Batman Versus the Super Death Mutants* sell?

JOHN: Millions. Literally.

BRUT: And your hepster "alternative" *Hate* and *Eightball* types?

JOHN: I don't know, I'd be interested to find out. I've heard everywhere from 3,000 to 30,000. Probably much more.

BRUT: Speaking of Clowes and Bagge, did I tell you I tasted OK Cola? It was disgusting. Like Grapefruit Faygo.

JOHN: Well Aaron, the whole pitch is: "This is all you deserve."

BRUT: Yecch. You know, Peter Bagge is supposed to be kinda short [*he is but very nice—ed.*]. And you're short too, John. So why is it all you artistes are so shrimp?

JOHN: It's probably a vitamin deficiency.

BRUT: Are you sure Small Man's Complex doesn't drive you to a world of your own creation?

JOHN: We just don't get enough sunlight, OK?

BRUT: In a street fight between you and Bagge, who would win?

JOHN: Oh I could take him. Could we please talk about my comic book now?

BRUT: Are you pushing for the Horny Biker Slut movie, and animated series, and lunch box.

JOHN: My gut feeling is that I'd never ever want it to be a movie. Cause it would inevitably suck. Plus, I go to San Diego Comic Con every year. And every year I sit next to Larry Welz. And *every fucking year* he sits and bitches about the Cherry Poptart movie, and how he's been screwed. He's like this bitter, sad old guy now, and I just don't wanna go through that. However, he is a fucking millionaire. If someone offered me a million dollars I'd throw my principles out the window.

BRUT: I know you've had some kinda offers.

JOHN: That was nothing. That was one phone call. You must be thinking about the video game, which also fell through.

BRUT: But say I did offer you that cool million—and this is purely hypothetical now—who would direct?

JOHN: You'd have to get a porno director and a "real" movie director to collaborate somehow. The sex scenes would be shot by . . . Ed Powers.

BRUT: Ed Powers! Here I thought you'd say John Stagliano, or the Dark Brothers and you say Ed fucking black socks Powers!

JOHN: Well I would write the dialogue and Ed would just man the camera. And Walter Hill would shoot the rest. I would say John McTiernan, but you only offered me a mil.

BRUT: Hypothetically, now. And who would portray your femme fatale, The Slut with No Name?

JOHN: That's a tough one. We'd have to use *Jurassic Park* technology. Do the whole thing with computers . . . the whole movie! Fuck real life!

BRUT: There's too much perverse shit in *HBS* that porno movies can't get away with these days anyway.

JOHN: Yeah, it'd be lame to tone down anything.

BRUT: Why bother, since you don't seem to get any complaints from retailers or readers.

JOHN: None at all. Well, I did get a letter from a woman complaining about the transsexual taking a shit.

BRUT: It was *disgusting* John!

JOHN: Did you really think so? I've never run anything by me or any of the other contributors that—that if I saw it in another magazine I'd say "ewww." I've never been grossed out by *HBS*. I guess I can understand if some people get upset but I don't actually believe I've ever gone "too far."



*Not a bad looking guy
for a sleazebag*

BRUT: So if multiple fistings, golden showers and quintuple penetrations don't faze you, where do you draw the line?

JOHN: Violent stuff. Y'know, every letter I get has suggestions for "what I should do." And the one thing I really, really hate is "You should do a story about elves." Fucking elves and unicorns and "You should have the biker chicks straddling centaurs" [laughs]. But anyway, guys will write who wanna see women sliced and diced. Sick shit like that.

BRUT: Your book is pretty damn violent as it is.

JOHN: Yeah, but it's always separate from the sex. And there's always some kind of . . . *point* to it. For one thing, it's almost always women beating the shit out of men in comeuppance . . . well deserved violence.

BRUT: Do you ever have bad dreams about what happened to Mike Diana?

JOHN: Well, my wife tells me that could never happen to me. I'd like to think I can argue the "artistic merit" of *HBS*. Also, my stuff never really deals with children. I feel sorry for Mike Diana. I was reading the new *Comics Journal* with about six pages detailing the charges against him. And finally there's this quote, like "I'm sorry, I'll never do it again, please don't hurt me." It was pretty sad.

BRUT: How about self-censorship for the sake of sales?

JOHN: Are you *kidding*? Sales would *skyrocket* if I put that sick shit in!

BRUT: So there's no way to shock or alienate your readership.

JOHN: Well yeah, there *is*, but it wouldn't be those things I personally object to. It would be lots of homosexual activity, for instance. That's my gut feeling. However, the she-male stuff gets a real positive response.

BRUT: I'm glad you brought that up 'cause I wanna get this on record once and for all. What's with the chicks with dicks, John?

JOHN: I've racked my brain 'cause everybody asks me this [laughs]. And it sounds like a cheese-out, but I really think it has to do with the fact that I just don't get into drawing guys. I like to draw women. This way, I can have all the scenarios possible between guys and chicks . . . without guys.

BRUT: So that's why, in your early issues, all the guys are so goofy looking. Like Muppets.

JOHN: And still are. I've bent to pressure a little bit and put in some romance novel lookin' Fabio clones. Every once in a while, or I get complaints from the female readership. But they're harder to draw! That's the bottom line.

BRUT: The point is, enough of your fans get off on she-males to support a whole separate book, *She-Male Trouble*.

JOHN: [Reluctantly] Yeah . . . barely. What's your point?

BRUT: Are they all latent homos or what?

JOHN: I don't wanna stick my neck out that far. Some guys just gotta have some tits with their cock!

BRUT: Fair enough. You've certainly cornered the market. She-male videos are so lame and phony.

JOHN: They're boring! I just figured I could do it right.

BRUT: How do you feel about the whole rise of "freak" porn videos? Guys with three foot latex cocks pumpin' out skin cream . . . cheesy prosthetic fucking.

JOHN: I liked it at first, as a novelty, I guess. But my suspension of disbelief has been stretched to the snapping point. Now it just looks stupid. Plus, working at a video store, I have to hear these incredulous hicks all day. "Man! Is that fer ray-yull?!"

BRUT: With all the extensive market research you've done, give me a profile of the "average" *HBS* reader. Incredulous hick or urban sophisticate?

JOHN: I'm kinda left to wonder, 'cause mostly they just send me photos of their girlfriends.

BRUT: Their *actual* girlfriends, or photos clipped out of *Hustler's Beaver Hunt*?

JOHN: I think it's genuine, 'cause they could definitely do better if they were faking it. Recently a guy sent me a long letter with photos of his ex-girlfriend, whom he lovingly calls "Miss Fat Ass."

BRUT: That's a beauty pageant, isn't it? "Miss Fat Ass 1994."

JOHN: My readers run the whole spectrum. A surprising amount

of mail comes from women. And from guys with a bunch of letters after their name. On the other hand, I have a note here from Maggot [laughs], who wants to see more comics that depict women as "sleazy, slimy, disgusting pieces of meat." And that is a direct quote.

BRUT: This is the perfect opportunity for you to explain what a sensitive 90s male you actually are and distance yourself from the maggots of the world.

JOHN: But the maggots of the world *love* me! And line my pockets! Why would I wanna distance myself . . . Look, either you see it or you don't. I think it's self-evident that I respect women and try not to portray them—I mean—don't I?

BRUT: What?

JOHN: Respect women.

BRUT: Hey, you're the one on trial! Don't try and drag me down with you.

JOHN: There's this knee-jerk reaction people have to adult material. Y'know—"Oh, she's naked, she's got a dick up her ass. It's demeaning to women."

BRUT: [Diet Coke spit-take]

JOHN: I'm serious! All the main characters are women. They're strong willed and intelligent, while the men are generally sleaze bag buffoons. Most porno comics are about a super male who goes through the story ravishing all these cookie-cutter women. Which is the opposite of *HBS*.

BRUT: You follow the Russ Meyer formula. Are you a big fan of his films?

JOHN: Nah. I like the old ones with, ironically, less sex. I mean, *Faster Pussycat* is the best fuckin' movie ever made.

BRUT: You should illustrate the Marvel Comics adaptation.

JOHN: Actually, my biggest influence is the old underground

comics scene. When I set out to do *HBS* it was purely a money making scheme. So that I could have the cast to support my "real" work. But when I saw that it was actually gonna work—and that it was pretty good—I kinda changed my whole attitude. The first issue was a pretty simple homage to the old biker flicks of the 60s and 70s, with hardcore sex thrown in at random to make it more marketable. It was all territory carved out by S. Clay Wilson and Spain Rodriguez . . . and Crumb, to a certain degree. All my heroes. At the time, no one was coming close to their level of raunchiness. Remember, this was before the recent tidal wave of crappy adult comics. It was just a shot in the dark. And I was really rather shocked when Last Gasp snapped it up so quickly.

BRUT: That was four years ago. How long do you think you can crank 'em out?

JOHN: I don't know. I thought I was getting bored with it after the first two years. And then I started thinking about all the different possibilities for the characters. Thinking beyond "this is just a sex comic, it's gonna get old real fast" to "this is a series of stories with limitless potential just like any other. Except with lots of anal sex."

BRUT: What differentiates *HBS* from the "average" adult comic?

JOHN: Most adult comics blow.

BRUT: Are there any you like?

JOHN: Aside from the old underground stuff, there's really very little, umm . . . hmm.

BRUT: How about that Hernandez thing, *Birdland*?

JOHN: Yeah, *Birdland* was great. [Pause] So name another one, I'll tell you if it was any good.

BRUT: Never mind.

JOHN: Y'know, I hate Japanese comics. I have no idea why they're so popular. But I did see

one recently that was really great, called *Bondage Fairies*. It's about these little winged people who do each other with inchworms and beetles and caterpillars. There's lots of S&M where they clamp insects with sharp jaws on their little fairy genitals. I guess I appreciate anything other than the typical lame sex scenes.

BRUT: I don't understand why most porn is so weak. It doesn't surprise me if adult comics are badly written or drawn, but nobody's doing anything extreme. Or just generally raunchy.

JOHN: Yeah, why is that? I can't imagine preferring softcore to the harder stuff. But just like there's a huge market for "hard R" movies . . . I guess it's less risky for comic shops to carry bland smut. And it's easier to buy something that's openly displayed, up in your face, then ask for the depravity behind the counter.

BRUT: And if *Brutarian* readers endure the humiliation of demanding *Horny Biker Sluts*, with what will they be rewarded?

JOHN: A pretty simple story . . . funny dialogue . . . lots of porking. And a moral. Always a moral.

BRUT: Isn't that touching. See, you really are disappointingly normal!

JOHN: Well, we could talk about the time I fucked a tomato.

BRUT: You told that story the last time I interviewed you.

JOHN: I just don't know what else to say. You've done my definitive interview. Twice!

BRUT: Now *Time* and *Newsweek* will never call.

JOHN: Yeah. Shit.

Horny Biker Slut is available from Last Gasp:
777 Florida Street
San Francisco, CA 94110
(415) 824-6636

Getting "Ahead" in FLA.

Assistant State Attorney
Stuart Baggish (asshole)!

This 'zine
"Boiled Angel"
is filth
for sick
people!

Jerk

No artistic
value at all,
UGH! Shit!

Meanwhile across town Mike's
girlfriend Suzy was devising
a plan to fix Baggish for good!

Don't worry
honey, I got
a plan! I'm
going to make
a brainwash-
ing machine!

Suzy worked for hours all
to save Mike! Being no angel
with the state of Florida
she understood his predicament!



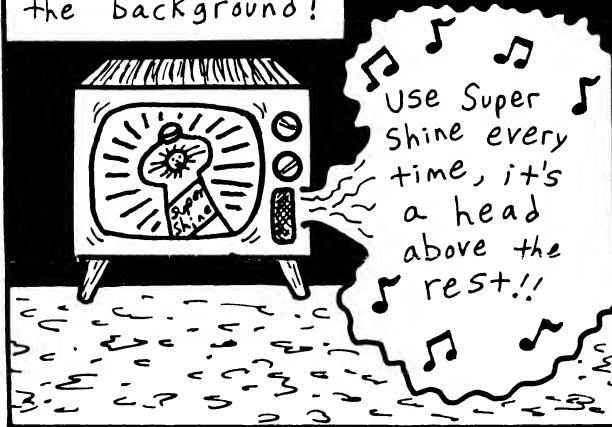
It's
finished!

This brainwashing ray
will command the dumb,
mindless jury to
bring us the head
of Stuart Baggish!

Wow! You
Japs sure
do know
electronics!



Little did Suzy know that when she recorded the audio tape for the ray machine, a jingle from a t.v. commercial recorded in the background!



That must be the jury with Baggish's head!!

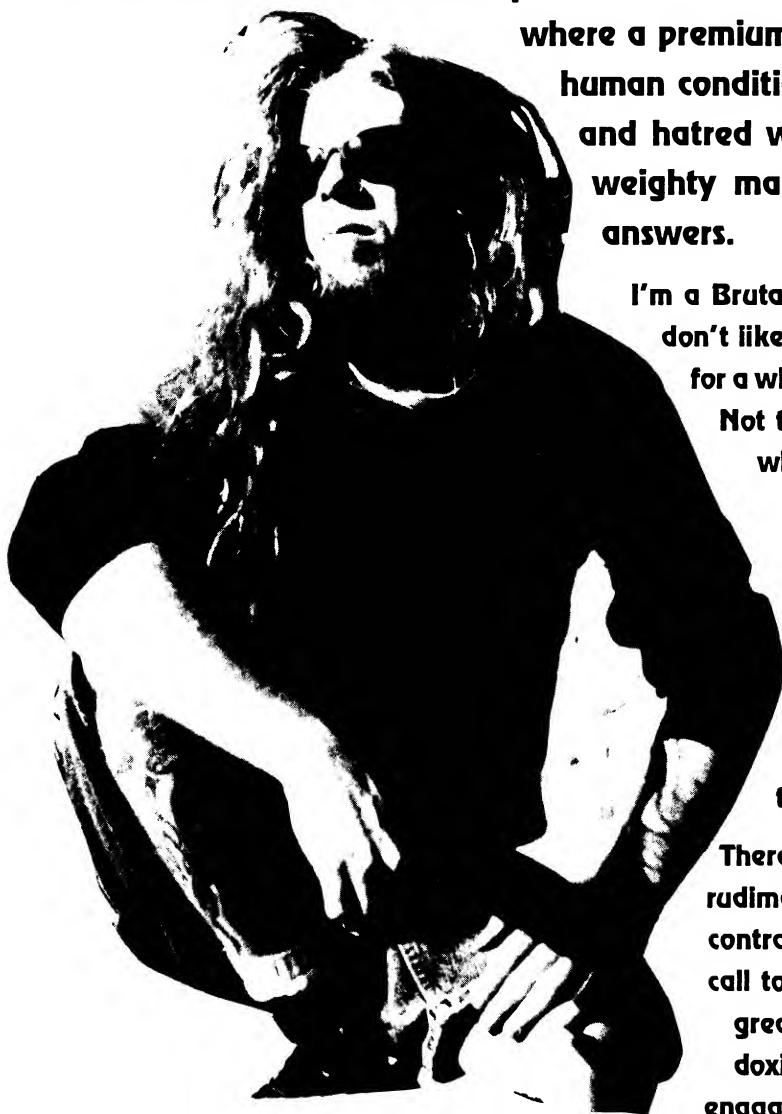
Knock
Knock



Don't take it personal Baggish, your head looks good on a mop stick!!

Maybe now you can clean up your act!!

Skrew's sound is a heady brew decocted from the choicer elements of industrial, grindcore and metal. A lot of rock scribes call it metal cyberpunk. And what's that supposed to mean you ask? I've no idea. What I do know is that unlike the mindless feral howling and snorting of so many practitioners of "I.G.&M.," Grossman asks a lot of questions. Intelligent, provocative and often profound questions. Both in his lyrics and during his *tete a tete*s. Questions like: Why does organized religion insist on dehumanizing the individual in the name of spiritual salvation? Is unfettered thought desirable in a society where a premium is placed on conformity? What is it in the human condition which allows us to confuse degradation and hatred with love and charity? And so on. Pretty weighty matters to be sure, the kind which beg for answers.



I'm a Brutarian and as you may or may not know, Brutarians don't like to beg; so I kicked Grossman's conundrums around for a while and concluded thusly: the answer lay in the work.

Not the lyrics or the music per se, but the act of creating which had given birth to the work. While listening to Dusted it struck me thusly: Matisse's armchair is a lie. Creativity precludes comfort. This is why almost everyone we know appears dead to us. Friends and family have turned work, love, what have you, into a set of mindless routines, routines which have made their lives less complicated, and have brought them greater leisure but have, unfortunately, cost them their souls.

There is no challenge. Except on the most simplistic, rudimentary level. To set yourself to imaginative work by contrast is to commit to struggle, to give a kind of wake-up call to the brain. Struggle can, and often does result in a great deal of pain and frustration yet somewhat paradoxically, this matters little once you have begun to engage body and soul. Because even amidst the tears and madness and blood every fibre of your being is singing, is talking to you. Here's what you're hearing. Here's what you're feeling: Alive! Goddamn it! Alive!

Now any man whose work has me thinking like this is a man I have to meet. Even if it's over the phone. What follows isn't exactly The Dialogue Of The Cave but I think you'll find it fairly entertaining. Hopefully too, this piece will bring you to the music, music as penetrating and mordacious as anything being made in the cyber genre.

— Dom Salemi

BRUT Why does your record company employ the term industrial metal to describe your sound? That doesn't begin, well, it does begin, to hint at what you're doing but also lumps you with a number of lesser lights.

ADAM To be honest with you, all that labeling is bullshit. What I do is Skrew. Do you understand? There are "industrial" aspects to it. I use a computer and a sampler sure but those are merely extra colors to add to my palette. I can remove the "industrial" component but I believe it wouldn't be as thorough, as complete a picture that I could draw for you. Again, I'm not angry about individuals using terms like "cyberpunk" or again "industrial metal" to describe what I do. Those tags are for people who need those things so they can get a handle on something

BRUT Your first release employed a title from a book of poetry by Charles Bukowski, what is it about Chuck that draws you to him? I think a lot of people are attracted to him for the wrong reasons. Alcoholism being the primary impetus.

ADAM Years ago I picked up a collection of his poems and was intrigued. And so, naturally thru the years I continued to read him. One of the things I dig about Bukowski is that he totally fucking illustrates, draws his reality for you. He was a fucked up old guy and I'm not really sure I have an opinion on the man. I just dig the way he says things . . .

BRUT It's the reason we read the people we do. Everything's been said. It's now a matter of "how" we say these things. All the subjects are exhausted and originality in that area no longer seems possible—even in sin. So there are no real emotions left—only extraordinary adjectives.

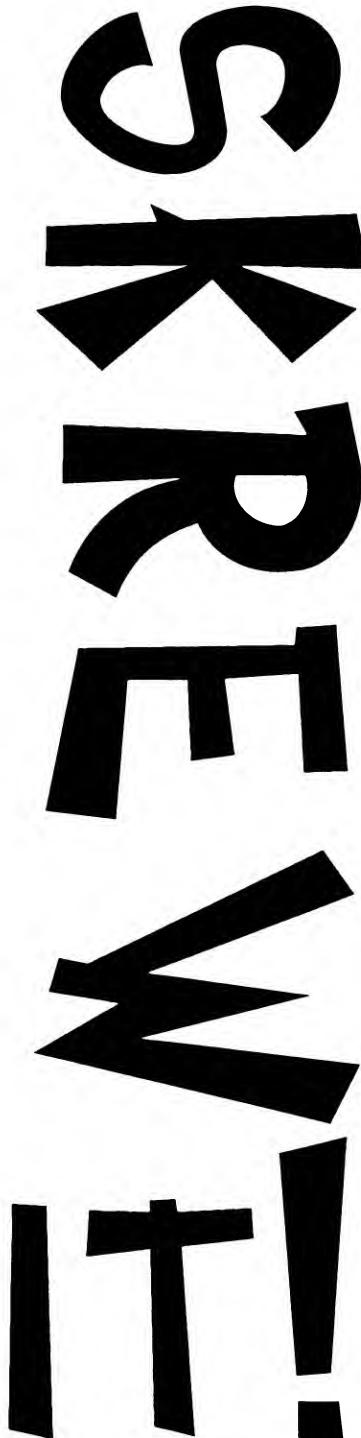
ADAM That's the comic impulse and one of the things people seem to miss in Bukowski is the comedic value.

BRUT Which is one of the things I found so interesting in your calling your first release what you did. Much of Skrew's sound and its lyrical content is so intense and so grim it seemed almost incongruous that you would refer to Bukowski, a writer whose work is full of sly humor and sarcasm and who, in the final analysis is an optimist despite all the pain and hardship he's suffered. He's found a creative outlet for the tragedy which is akin to what you're doing, hell, any creative person does. Although you don't strike me as an optimist.

ADAM That's exactly what lies behind the creative act, well, mine at least. But let me tell you something, on the new album I put something on there that was sarcastic, a little tongue-in-cheek. "Skrew Saves" a song about how people look for things on the outside to make them whole, to make them happy, to make them complete. And whether it be religion, a mate or drugs, they're looking to be saved. For a savior. So I'm saying to these people: "You want a savior? I'll be your fucking savior. I want you to get down on your knees, suck my dick and I will save you motherfucker!"

BRUT If you're not going to save yourself, if you're not going to look inward, we might as well use these people as comic fodder.

ADAM Right. And that's essentially what "Skrew Saves" does. Essentially, it's a bit more complicated than that but that's the conceit at its heart.



BRUT Do you think suffering is a prerequisite for art?

ADAM I have no idea. Either fortunately or unfortunately, I'm not sure which, that's where my motivations come from in dealing with that aspect of my life. That doesn't mean that I'm the most unhappy person walking around. I've got a lot of good things in my life that I'm very happy about but I do have a lot of anger inside and I've been through some pretty heavy shit. And you don't ever really get rid of this, you have to constantly learn to deal with it on a daily basis. Hopefully in a way that doesn't lead to prison or a room six feet under.

BRUT I'm sure most mental health practitioners would look at your lyrics and say to themselves "We have to help this man." But why should they if you're leading a constructive life and minding your own business? It seems to me the creative person should be left alone whether or not he is miserable.

ADAM Personally, I think you can sit down with a shrink all day long for the next twenty fucking years and it wouldn't do ya any fucking good. Or you can sit down by yourself and sort things out. Or find yourself through a book. Or yeah, with a shrink. The point is, you can only do it if you want to do it. It's a process that's almost impossible to talk about.

BRUT No. There are no hard and fast rules. That's why people are drawn to religion.

ADAM And I've known people who will never get things together no matter how much they "shrink." On the other hand, I've known people who have been absolutely emasculated by therapy and treatment. And I know people who will die without it.

BRUT But what about the "disturbed" artist, a Van Gogh for example. We shock him or throw him in an ice bath or sedate him and we don't get the paintings. He lives longer perhaps, but at what price?

ADAM Yes, but it's a relative thing, I think. And you just never can tell. Let me give you a more contemporary example. Look at Nick Cave. Listen to the Birthday Party and listen to what he's doing now. What he's producing now is very different but I'm not sure it's necessarily any worse. He's kicked drugs and he appears to be more together at this point in time.

BRUT You've mentioned on more than one occasion that you feel the world is becoming less human and more

mechanized but I didn't get the sense you were condoning this state of affairs.

ADAM We've become colder and indifferent to things. And that's bad. But looking at this in the grand scheme of things, it's difficult to talk or even think in terms of good or bad. It's easier and more practical for me somehow, to say, "That tree has green leaves."

BRUT TV has been blamed for aiding in the general anesthetizing of the public. I don't get the impression you watch a lot of television.

ADAM Television is a tool. It can be horribly misused and abused but at the same time think of the wonderful things we get to see and experience. Goddamn, I saw the first man walk on the moon. I also saw Rodney King get the fuck beat out of him. Of course I know a number of people who sit around all day and drool on themselves while watching soap operas. Horrible, granted. Now let's think of all the great movies that are being shown everyday. Terrific films you may have missed or you may need to see again. And I'm totally strung out on CNN.

BRUT Were you watching O.J. run to daylight the other night?

ADAM No. I was in Europe while that was going on. But when I came home and found out about it, I thought it was hysterical. I saw the replay.

BRUT And I think that's one of the reasons you like "having" CNN around. Jesus, twenty years ago you read about things like fleeing felons after the fact in tabloids like *The New York Post* or in racy rags like *Police Gazette*. Now you can see the whole thing as it's taking place. Hell, the whole Gulf War travesty was on tv. Well, at least the war as the powers that be wanted it told.

ADAM And if you like sports. I'm watching Wimbledon now while playing some cds. And there's the World Cup and we finally got a champion here in the city with Houston.

BRUT It's funny, I'm a Knick fan but I wasn't too terribly disappointed to see Houston win. They were certainly the more talented team. And they could shoot the ball which the Knicks can't do. But that seems to be the way the NBA is headed these days: power and brute force. I can remember when you had to be able to shoot the ball if you wanted to play the game. Especially on the professional level.

ADAM And it's not that I'm such a huge sports fan. You just get the chance, if you so desire, and sometimes I do, to see human excellence. On a physical level. That's exciting.

BRUT Changing the subject a bit, mainly because I'm looking at another quote in the press kit, I see something concerning the addictive personality. Before we got together I was reading a novel by Hubert Selby, *Requiem For A Dream*. It's about four characters treading the path to oblivion via junk addiction and what struck me by novel's end was the message at the heart of the novel. Well, one of them anyway and that message was: we're all addicts in a sense and if you don't find a creative outlet for the addiction you're never gonna kick "junk" whatever that "junk" is. In other words the only way out of the nasty, brutish, human condition is emersion in creativity.

ADAM It's strange because I'm not even sure how "creative" a person I am but I do know I've got to do something with what's inside me. I spent so many years misusing my energy and my work appears to be a better outlet.

BRUT I noticed one of the cuts on the first album, the re-fashioning of the Stones' "Sympathy For The Devil" contained samples from *Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer* and a snippet of Charles Manson. Why? And why are killers today's rock stars?

ADAM As regards Charles Manson, most people's existence is so fucking mundane. They're doing the nine to five thing and they don't really have the balls or whatever it takes, not necessarily to commit a horrendous crime, but to do anything balls-out fashion. And for someone to do what Manson did, is fucking amazing. It's sick but it's an amazing thing. And I think it's the power of that/those crimes that fascinates. With regard to guys like Ed Gein and John Wayne Gacy it's just horribly fascinating that that kind of shit can happen. It's unbelievable and that's why *The Exorcist* was so successful. Not that it's such a great fucking movie but some of that actually happened. And people just got caught up in the unbelievability of it.

BRUT Speaking of *The Exorcist*, give me a call when you hit D.C. and I'll take you to the place where it all happened. And where strange and terrifying things continued to take place even after the family moved out and the community burned the house down. A close friend of mine went up there and took some things from the site and his life literally went to hell thereafter. Last time he came to town, I took him back to the place and had him throw the purloined items back and then made him apologize. Now, they're



Would you let these guys spend the night at your house?

building a children's park on the site. That, to my way of thinking, is insane.

ADAM There are things we don't know about and won't admit to not knowing about. But that's amazing. We'll have to go.

BRUT Let me ask you about the lyrics. Do you think most of your "fans" actually read them. They're tough going. A lot of them hit like a shot to the solar plexus.

ADAM It's interesting that you asked that because I was in Germany recently and started talking to a female fan. She was really intrigued by the music and she told me she had just sat down and read the lyrics while listening to the first album. And she said, "I felt like you were talking about things that were going on in my life." Which I thought was incredible because while my work is based on experiences particular to me I try to do it so it applies to other people's reality.

BRUT The universality of it. Reminds me of a story about the great English actor Ralph Richardson, I think. He's over in Japan and everywhere he goes he finds a Japanese production of some Shakespeare play. And he doesn't get it. This quintessential Shakespearean actor doesn't understand why the Japanese dig The Bard. So finally he asks an audience member or some professor, I forget, and the guy looks at him like he's crazy and says, "My people love the great Englishman because he is so Japanese."

ADAM Even though it's a "different" culture.

BRUT But if the work is "right on" as Shakespeare said in *Julius Caesar* . . .

ADAM It can play in any culture. Which is what pleased me in talking to this German woman. But I tend to be very intense in whatever I do. I go for the jugular and it has resulted in a lot of people misunderstanding me but then again it has helped the music, the work. I've had to resign myself to the fact that it's a natural aspect of who I am. I've got to learn to deal with it to a degree but also people are going to have to learn to accept me to a degree.

BRUT It's a tough balancing act. On the one hand you feel like you can sacrifice everything and anybody for the sake of an epigram but on the other if you drive everybody off what can you draw upon?

ADAM The trick I think is not to make yourself beyond reproach. You must make a definite effort to surround yourself with people who will give you a kick in the ass now and then. If I don't, I'll be out of fucking control. I was like that once I don't ever want to be like that again.

BRUT Does this practical approach to daily living extend to the people in your band?

ADAM [Laughs] No, not really. I take that back. Not in terms of music but in other aspects, in terms of working with them and all of us being involved with each other's lives, absolutely. I've told everyone of them if you resent me for some reason, then it's your fucking fault for not communicating. If my breath is bad and every fucking time I breathe in your face you get sick to your stomach, how am I supposed to know? In terms of the music there is no choice. If they don't dig it then they don't need to take part. On the last LP, eighty-five percent was mine and Possum who is a really good guitar player was allowed to jump on a vibe and contribute. I love working with people but it doesn't always work out but when it does . . . In college working with film, a largely collaborative effort, was wonderful it taught me the value of cooperation, compromise.

BRUT What took you away from it?

ADAM I was touring and working with the music. I've been doing it since I was fifteen years old. I just turned 31 and I've always been involved with that more than anything else. Funny too how my life could have turned out. My last year in college I took the LSAT and got accepted in three law schools. I came within inches of going.

BRUT Take it from me, unless your idea of fun is reading the phone book for seven hours a day, law school was probably not for you.

ADAM My feeling is that my strength lies in the creative and in working with people. I worked for a couple of years, and you probably read this, counseling junkies and that was the most rewarding experience besides playing music that I think I've ever done.

BRUT How so?

ADAM I learned so much

BRUT Let me ask you something. I talked to Joe Coleman, who I'm sure you're familiar with and he said, and I'm paraphrasing, that in many ways, the methadone program is just another form of addiction. Only this way the government is making money.

ADAM It is harder to kick methadone cold turkey than heroin. But, and this is my personal opinion, anybody who can't kick heroin is a fucking pussy. Just because you don't die from a heroin withdrawal. Yet methadone can be used as a tool. It doesn't just get you off heroin. With the latter there's a whole lifestyle that goes with it that's probably more harmful than the drug itself. And what it does, is allow people to go to a clinic and take the drug and not be sick and rob liquor stores. No chance of dirty needles. The success I had with people involved a slow detox and getting them to do things for themselves. Changing the way they looked at life and utilizing steps to make their life better. By the time they're off the shit they have a little bit better grip and they can support themselves. They can do something. So it's really the other aspect of the addiction, the whole lifestyle that is the real harmful part.

BRUT It must disturb you to see how hip heroin has suddenly become in pop culture.

ADAM A lot of these bands promoting it are so full of shit. These people are confusing reality and rock stardom. The thing about heroin is that it's bullshit. What it is is a generator of false sense of security, a false sense of warmth. If you can't build that inside yourself without chemicals, well, it's just pretty sad. And I mean really sad. Depressing. Get a grip on reality you wanna-be rock stars and hipsters and realize the truth. Not something you read about in a Rolling Stones' biography.





Baby's Head Soup Bone

I found this baby's head the other day in the laundromat. I was doing a load of whites and when I opened the door of the dryer this little head fell out and bounced across the floor. No one saw it but me so I put it in my laundry bag and took it home. Earlier in the day I had decided to make soup that night for dinner. Why not include the baby's head in my soup, I thought. And you know what? The head really brought out all the flavors of the other ingredients. Thanks to that kid's head, my soup tasted delicious. I went to sleep a happy man that night.

GEORGE

MEAT

meat is dead animal congealed into a packaged lump for the consumer,
gristle for sale right around the corner.

the feel of it is sick and unnerving, the coldness, the slime, the pieces of dead
animal cut and rimmed with fat and shrink-wrapped in the suffocating
plastic of man.

uncut meat is what we are

when you come down to it.

we are only big raw pieces of meat.

meat meat meat.

red and bloody cold and dead.

meat meat meat.

between your teeth between your head.



LOGOTHETIS

Syndicated Wish

The Gambino family and the Manson family on Family Feud. Dawson kisses Squeaky she cuts his tongue out with horse teeth. Top five answers on the board. Charlie good answer good answer. The kingpin gorilla mafia men with bodies like lunchmeat shift with a lumbering leer. Manson's feline maenad ocelots kick about in their own litterbox of brains.

Dawson's tongue squirms off and attacks the denizens of a small rural community. Dawson's mouth is like a running sore thick with the aorta's extroverted orgasm. The bell rings and a knuckled scrum with knives garrotes and frenzy flay themselves into ribbons and their limbs dance to a twisted cadence of audience flippers and the blood birdbath seethes.

Doq Wish

I wrestle an attack Doberman to the ground and say fuck you to it before ripping its throat out with hot dog tongs.

Pogo The THREE-FINGERED Clown With OPEN BRAIN Vivisection

Pogo the three-fingered clown with open brain vivisection waves from his pup tent and screws a post hole digger through his forehead boring a crisp clean glistening hole like he's gone ice fishing through his own skull.

Tie Wish

Ties would suddenly constrict cheese cloth suffering, squeezing out blood toothpaste like the inside of a lobster that looks like Ralph Macchio.



MACHINE
HEAD



An Open Mind With A Closed Fist

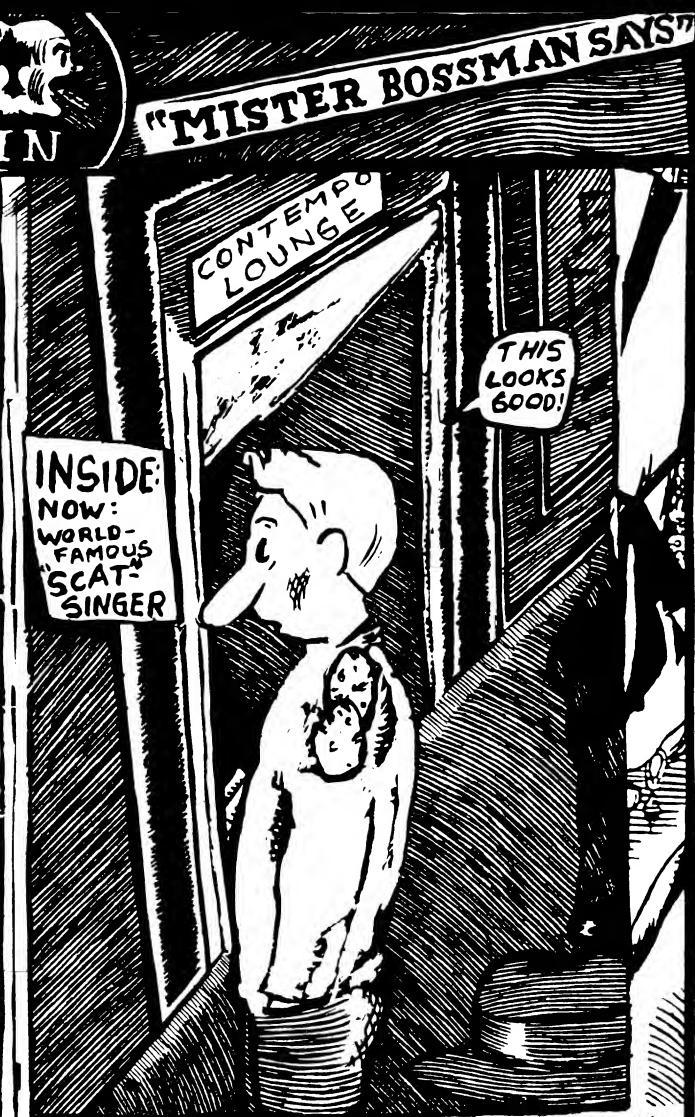
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FOR
CHUNKY
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OPEN
COME IN
IF YOU CAN

CAN I HELP YOU?

BEFORE

I HOPE SO. I
HAVE A PROBLEM
WITH MEAT.

FILL OUT THESE FORMS AND
SIT OVER THERE UNTIL WE
CAN WEIGH YOU IN.

THE BARON IS SUBJECTED TO A LONG AND
THOROUGH BARRAGE OF TESTS.



AS HE IS SEDATED FOR FURTHER
EXPLORATORY PROCEED-
URES, HE BEGINS
DREAMING.

HOW IS EVERYTHING SIR?

BRING
MORE
BEEF

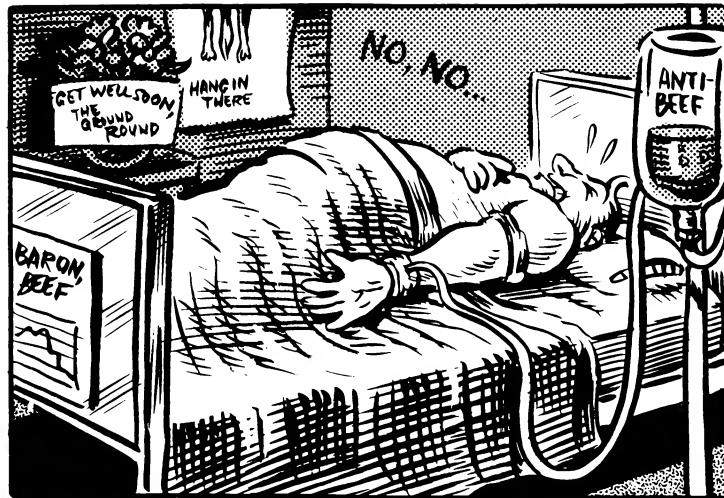
STEAK KING

BONE
12 PWS

DOUBLE
MEAT
YES

GIFT CERTIFICATE





Not Just One

Born: May 25, 1967 at 4:55 PM, New Orleans, LA

Availability Status: Two boyfriends and two cats

Residence: The French Quarter, New Orleans, Louisiana, USA

Author of: *Lost Souls* (Delacorte, 1992) and *Drawing Blood* (Delacorte, 1993). A collection of her short fiction, *Swamp*

Foetus, has been published in limited and trade edition hardcovers by Borderlands Press. A Dell Books paperback edition and a Penguin U.K. edition are scheduled for release in 1995. All three have an introduction by Dan Simmons.

Editor of: *Love In Vein* (HarperPrism, 1994), an anthology of erotic vampire stories.



Poppy Z. Brite

Finally, quiet. Mardi Gras (Fat Tuesday) is over and the City of New Orleans' street crews are out en masse, cleaning up the remains of tourists who have over imbibed and left their domestic beer and cajun cuisine on the streets and in the alleys and courtyards. Poppy—all five-foot, one hundred pounds of her—and I slip in to the famous twenty-four hour open air coffee stand between Decatur Street and the Mississippi River, Café du Monde. The Vietnamese waiters have stacked most of the chairs on top of the tables so they can mop, but Poppy leads me to her place (it was if they knew we were coming) in the middle, behind a pillar, well away from the street musicians and mimes.

Poppy is dressed in a black flapper dress she says she bought in the French Market, black patterned stockings, and stacked-heel Doc Marten boots. Her hair is short with a reddish-purple tint to it that takes your breath away. A tiny amethyst-crystal penis adorns her pale throat. In fact, she is quite pale—and this I can only imagine—all over. I'm wearing jeans and a white t-shirt that has "The Bad Boy of Horror" dripping across the front in black and red. The only question I was able to ask Poppy during the dying gasp of Fat Tuesday was "What does the 'Z' stand for. "It changes from time to time," she says. She tells me she's a bit sick of it standing for anything, but that it would seem pretentious to drop the period. Since she tends to like blacks, whites and grays (although she gets kinky and throws in a few shades of green now and again), I'll think of her "Z" as Zorina. I can think anything I want, right?

A non-mopping waiter appears and Poppy orders for both of us—café au lait and an order of beignets. While we wait, I try and catch her off guard . . .

Of The Boys

by S. Darnbrook Colson

I've seen your breasts.

So has almost anyone who wanted to, and a lot of people who didn't. As far as I know, my tits (on film) were the only ones on display at the 1993 World Fantasy Convention.

Well, I didn't attend that convention, but I saw laser prints of your *Bizarre Sex/Bizarre Obsessions* cover on the wall in front of Stan Tal's desk in his office.

What did you think of them?

I'd say "perky," but I hate that overused term. Let me think . . . hmmmm . . . How about "Fitten" for your mouth."

They say more than a mouthful is wasted. In the case of my own proclivities I cannot agree, but I've never been too concerned about tit size.

I'm not even sure why I got going on boobs. I'm a butt and legs man, myself. Just seemed like a good thing to do at the time. I find my mind—and eyes—wandering and, for the time being, dispense with the monkey business.

Poppy, your first two novels, *Lost Souls* and *Drawing Blood* have been very successful. What do you think that your editor at Dell, Jeanne Cavelos, saw in you and your writing that got you a hardback edition contract on your first book? Did she tell you, "I'm gonna make you a star?" Because if she didn't, she sure must have had it in her mind. I understand Jeanne is what the flag-waving, God-fearing right call a "feminist." Do you think she sees in you, someone she'd like to be? Whatever, Dell seems to have dug deep into the coffers to promote you and your books.

I know I told you to pull no punches, but this question is very difficult for me to answer. There's no way I can be objective enough about my work to know what Jeanne saw in it. From working with her, I know what she thinks some of my strengths and weaknesses are, and I know she trusts me to do the best work I am capable of.

I'm sure Jeanne is a feminist, though we've never spoken about it. I don't believe she brings a "feminist agenda" to Dell Abyss, as certain frustrated male horror writers have claimed. I think she publishes work because of its merits, not because of the author's gender, sexual preference, or politics.

But people are seeing something they haven't seen before, so naturally there's going to be sniping. "Jeanne Cavelos is a strong female presence, so let's try to pin a feminist agenda on her line of books"—half of whose authors are men! Every horror critic has his favorite Abyss authors and the ones he can't stand—not just doesn't care for, but absolutely cannot stand. Abyss writers provoke rabid reactions. Even this attests to the diversity of the line.

It's easy to see the strength in your work by just reading your books. You evoke powerful imagery and have a superb command of the English language. So what are your weaknesses.

Laziness. Female characters. Dialogue sometimes (it is one of the hardest parts of writing for me). The tendency to think I've gotten it right the first time even when I haven't.

So, tell me about Cavelos and the hardback deal.

I started writing *Lost Souls* partly because another publisher had expressed interest after reading some of my stories in *The Horror Show* (David Silva's now defunct horror zine that has launched more than one career). The first draft was actually written between November '87 and October '88. By the time the publisher decided their horror line wasn't going to happen, my friend Brian Hodge had just sold his third novel to Abyss, and he offered to show my manuscript to his editor, Jeanne Cavelos. By that time I had an agent, Richard Curtis. After Abyss made an offer the book went to auction, which means several different publishers bid on it and Abyss had the right to top the highest bid by ten percent, which they did. Originally they were going to publish *Lost Souls* as part of their paperback line. When they decided to make it the first Abyss hardcover, I signed a separate contract for that and my next two books. *Drawing Blood* was the second book, and I'm currently at work on the third.

Jeanne has pretty much been my ideal editor. I trust her to understand what I'm doing and my methods on doing it, to care about my characters, and to let me know when she thinks something doesn't make sense or just plain sucks.

'I am a gay man who happens to have been born in a female body this time around.'

The café au laits come and we take a short break from the interview and talk about the two short months she spent in college and about some of the interesting jobs she's had to support herself: gourmet candy maker, artist's model, cook, mouse caretaker, exotic dancer.

Let's talk about what brought you to the game of writing. When did it first strike you that writing was fun, and that you had some talent for it?

I've always written for fun, ever since I can remember. I started to get serious around age twelve. Between twelve and eighteen, when I sold my first story to *The Horror Show*, I wrote and read, wrote and read, then wrote and read some more. I published my high school's first underground newspaper (style and content strongly influenced by Harlan Ellison's *Class Teat* columns), got branded a Commie and received death threats in my locker from Reagan Youth. I attended a Young Writers' workshop at the University of Virginia during the summers of 1984 and '85, the only writing class that has ever done me any good—though putting me in contact with other young, creative freaks was much more valuable than anything they

could teach me about writing. I quit high school midway through my senior year, when they wouldn't let me spend my free period writing stories in the library. After that, I worked and wrote. This was when I published my earliest stories in *The Horror Show*, and when I realized beyond the shadow of a doubt that I was going to have to make it as a writer because I wasn't fit to do anything else. (I finally got my high school diploma at twenty, at another school, not that it ever did me any good.)

I attended college at UNC-Chapel Hill for all of two months before dropping out to write *Lost Souls*. I knew I didn't have time for both, and there was really no contest. Never went back, never wanted to.

My mom always encouraged me to do the things I loved and was good at; she also taught me to read at age three, which is the best gift anyone has ever given me. My dad always told me that my chances of making a living writing were equivalent to winning the lottery, and gave me horrible statistics like only one in five hundred thousand aspiring writers ever gets published. All this encouraged me as well, since I knew I could beat that one. I like having something to prove; it motivates me.

I've lived in the South all my life, though I have travelled as much as possible and mean to continue. I guess I would have to call myself a Southern writer. I am very glad of the time I spent in North Carolina and Georgia, because however insane and magical New Orleans may be, it isn't exactly the South. It is something else, some dimension unto itself. I mean, you can't get sweetened iced tea in the restaurants, and half the natives have something almost indistinguishable from a Brooklyn accent. I love writing about my hometown, but my fictional town of Missing Mile is influenced by the mysterious, slightly sinister beauty of rural North Carolina, which I toured from the cultural haven of Chapel Hill for thirteen years, and the boho townie scene of Athens, Georgia, where I spent five.

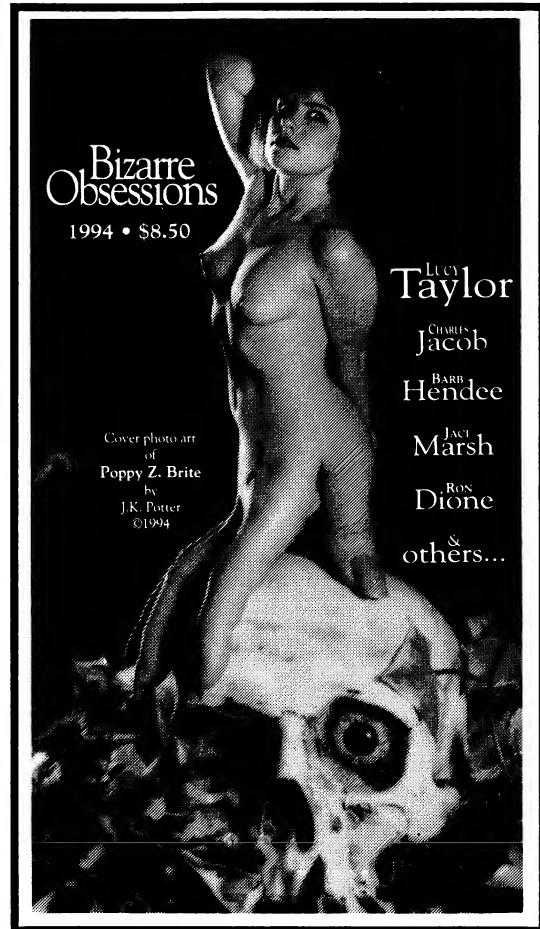
The sex scenes in your novels are very vivid, very stimulating, very real. How much of it is from an active imagination and how much is from personal experiences? I'm particularly interested in the fourteen page scene between two guys in *Drawing Blood*.

I'm at least as interested in writing erotic fiction as I am in writing horror. If my work has effective elements of both, then I am pleased. I don't care much about labels. The scene in question is as important an interaction between these two characters as any other. They learn as much about each other and themselves here as anywhere. Trevor has never had sex or been close to anyone; Zach has been a slut, but has never allowed himself to care about anyone. All of a sudden they're violently in love in a weird situation. Sex is going to be as important, intense, and unusual as anything else that happens between them.

I've mentioned elsewhere that I am a gay man who happens to have been born in a female body this time around. I've felt this way since I was quite young, but I've only really come out with it since my first novel was published. Interviewers were asking me why all my characters were gay, and the only answer I had was the truth. Most of my erotic scenes are written more or less from experience—I mean they are the characters' experiences, not mine, but they are certainly informed by mine. Writers of erotic fiction write about what turns them on, and this is simply the kind of sex I find most erotic.

Weren't you connected with the group R.E.M. in some way? Did you do an erotic film with them?

I was one of three actors in *John Five*, a short erotic film directed by James Herbert, who lives in Athens, Georgia and has done most of R.E.M.'s videos. The other actors were John Corry and Noah Ray, two cute nineteen-year-olds who were my neighbors at the time. Jim just chooses his actors by their general look and attitude—it wasn't like I auditioned or anything, though I did get paid. I showed the film at the 1993 World Fantasy Convention and it seemed to be quite a hit. Other than that, Michael Stipe and Peter Buck both spend time in New Orleans, and I see them around the Quarter sometimes. Peter Buck was actually the first Athens person I ran into after I moved back here. He'd just read *Lost Souls* and told me he got a kick out of being mentioned in it.



I'm sad to say that I haven't seen the film. You called it erotic as opposed to porn (a term which I hate anyway). I presume there were sex scenes. Were they soft or hardcore? What was the extent of your participation?

There was no sex in *John Five*, only making out and one boner shot. Really, most of the film consists of arty stop-action poses. Noah and John make out; John and I make out. We kissed a time or two, rolled around in a couple of beds, and I ran my hand over his dick. That was about it. All my scenes were filmed in an unheated house in thirty degree weather, with Jim holding the camera two inches from our heads saying, "Don't move! Don't laugh!" So it wasn't terribly sexy for me. John was embarrassed because he got a boner during one of the bed scenes. I told him I would've been pissed if he hadn't.

After the above, I find my heart rate tapping just a wee bit faster than before. I can feel little beads of sweat on my upper lip and over my eyebrows. I catch the waiter's eye and ask for sweetened iced tea and learn they don't serve it there. I settle for iced café au lait, wipe away the assembly of salty droplets on my face and continue.

I understand that your first two novels have also been sold in France, Spain, Germany, The Netherlands, and the U.K., and that you're now working on your third novel. Can you give any hints about numero tres? When is it scheduled to be turned in? Released? Do I assume correctly that it will be another Delacorte hardcover? I heard you received a six-figure advance. Is that true or just an envious rumor?

Exquisite Corpse will be turned in this fall and published in September 1995, and yes, it will be a Delacorte hardcover. It's a necrophiliac serial killer love story also involving HIV positive terrorism and pirate radio.

A six-figure advance for one novel? I want some of the X (Ecstasy) whoever told you that was on.

Poppy seems to think this is incredulous, but I predict that she'll be commanding those kind of numbers in the not to distant future.

The pirate radio angle you mentioned intrigues me. Have you ever been involved in that sort of (ad)venture? Do you know people who have?

I know plenty of people who have worked in radio, but no serious pirates. I didn't know any computer hackers before I wrote *Drawing Blood*, either; it was just something I got interested in through reading and ended up doing a lot of research on. I met a bunch of hackers during the course of that research, and several became friends, but I haven't met any pirate radio folks yet. I do know a number of AIDS activists and angry queers, both of which are more central to my character, Lush Rimbaud. The pirate radio station is primarily a vehicle for him, though I hope it's an interesting one.

I'd love to think your Lush Rimbaud character is an evil twist on our *favorite* ultra-right personality, Rush Limbaugh.

Well, he's about as psychotic and vehement as Limbaugh, but totally at the other end of the spectrum. Probably more extreme, because he actually advocates killing breeders instead of just dumping hate and vitriol on them. And even in his emaciated, embittered state, he's a lot cuter.

Tell me a little bit about your life in Athens, Georgia. Did you take another stab at college there?

I am proud to say that I did not attend college in Athens, but came, conquered, and left as a townie. My mercifully brief college career took place in Chapel Hill, as discussed above. There isn't much to say about my life in Athens except that I worked a lot of shitty jobs, partied often and well, made a lot of cool friends, sold my first book, fell in love a few times, and eventually got sick of it.

So you moved back to New Orleans.

I have always considered New Orleans my home. Living in the French Quarter is just something I knew I had to do. There are things that are a terrible pain in the ass about it, and things I feel I could never give up.

The air is thick with early morning mist which reminds me of several of the Jack the Ripper movies I've seen. Each sound, a person's footsteps, a cough, a passing car, seems to bounce around the vapors like an invisible ball on a carom board. I love it! It makes me think of other horror writers.

New Orleans has quite a few horror writers to its credit. What other writers do you associate with? Do you know Anne Rice?

I've never met Anne Rice. John Ames and O'Neil DeNoux are good friends. I have really liked all the local writers I've met, but all of us are ridiculously busy all the time, so we don't see each other as often as we'd like to.

What you think of Anne Rice's work?

I've never read her. Started *Interview With the Vampire* once. Didn't get into it and put it down. Later received so many comparisons to her that I now hate the sound of the poor woman's name through no fault of her own.

Experts say most men have the fantasy of having two women and that many women fantasize about having two men. Are you living out your fantasy with your two roommates? How do you keep peace--or are the relationships platonic?

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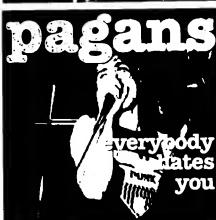
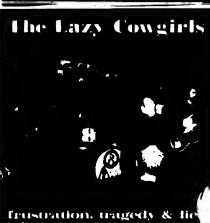
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I live with two male lovers, both bisexual, both appreciative of my biological/emotional dichotomy, both named Christopher. I've been with Chris DeBarr, aged thirty-two, chef, sometimes poet, and political activist, for five years. I met Chris Li, twenty-two, a mage/musician/martial artist, at the 1993 World Fantasy Convention in Minneapolis, at the Abyss party where I showed my movie. I was on the last leg of my American book tour. An intense male/male dynamic existed between us from the moment we met, long before we had discussed any such arcane matters.

When I met Chris Li, I had no intention of falling in love. A horribly botched long-distance affair with another writer, and Chris DeBarr's willingness to stand by me through its destruction had sold me on emotional monogamy. Still, I was feeling like a rock star on the road, and the mutual attraction level was too high to ignore. But no way was I going to fall in love with him. Except I did, almost immediately. "Wait a minute—I really like him—and he's a real pervert too—OH NO!" Three days later we were hopelessly in love, sealed by our mutual necrophilic lust for River Phoenix, who had just keeled over outside the Viper Room in Hollywood.

Chris DeBarr knows me better than I know myself sometimes, and he knew I was cruising that week, and I think he half-expected me to come back from the tour in love. He didn't seem bothered by it at all, seemed in fact happy for me. He was also pleased to gain a boyfriend without lifting a finger. For Chris Li, a native of Winnipeg, Canada, recently got his American visa and moved to New Orleans to be with us.

There's no element of jealousy in the relationship; we're just three guys who get along really well. We complement each other in all the right ways.

I've heard that you and John Skipp had a thing about each other, and that it may have caused some strife between John and his associate Craig Spector. Is this just an evil rumor or did this have any part in the Skipp and Spector break up?

Skipp and I had a year-long long-distance relationship that ended in flames, as mentioned above. I don't think this contributed to the breakup of their partnership, except

that Craig and I had become good friends by the time they split up, and he wasn't too impressed by the fact that John was still sending me twenty-page psycho-love rants eight months after I had told him to leave me alone. Particularly since John was supposed to be working on some of their projects, not plotting how to make me see that he was in fact my One True Love. I have heard that John tells people Craig broke us up, but I don't know how the logistics of that one are supposed to work, since I barely knew Craig until my relationship with John was already dead.

But so what? To hell with him. I was willing to end it on a peaceful note, but he kept pestering me and harassing me until he finally made me despise him. I'll be happy if I never see him or talk to him again. I have no interest in human billygoats.

Let's turn to something less torrid than love: food. I understand you like to cook and that you make a pretty mean seafood gumbo. What are some of your favorite foods and drink?

I love to cook sometimes, but I prefer eating in restaurants. I like almost any kind of exotic ethnic food, particularly Asian, African, and the Indian cuisines. Indian and Chinese are the only kinds I cook very often, because I can make them better than I can get in most restaurants.

To tell you the truth, I'm pretty burned out on New Orleans-style food since I moved back here. One of our restaurant critics said that New Orleans has a lot of good food, but only about five recipes. However, I'll give you my recipe for seafood gumbo, which is as tasty as any version I've had in the city (with the exception of Casamento's Restaurant on Magazine Street) and better than many.

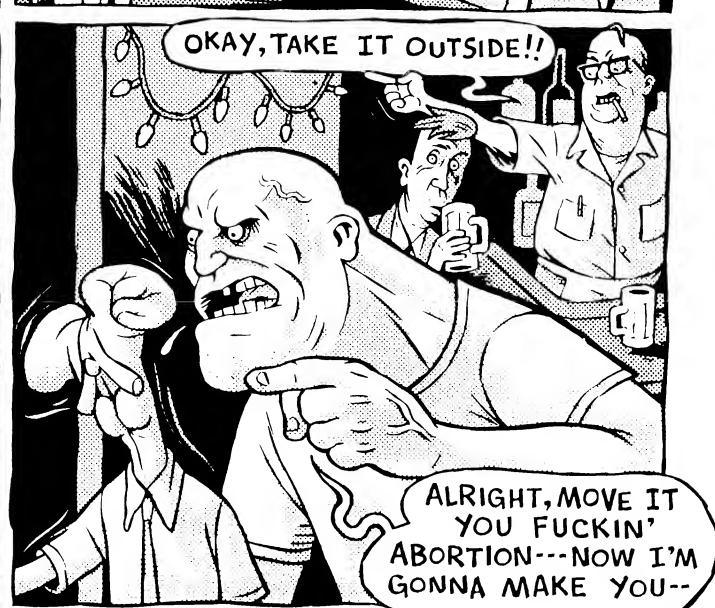
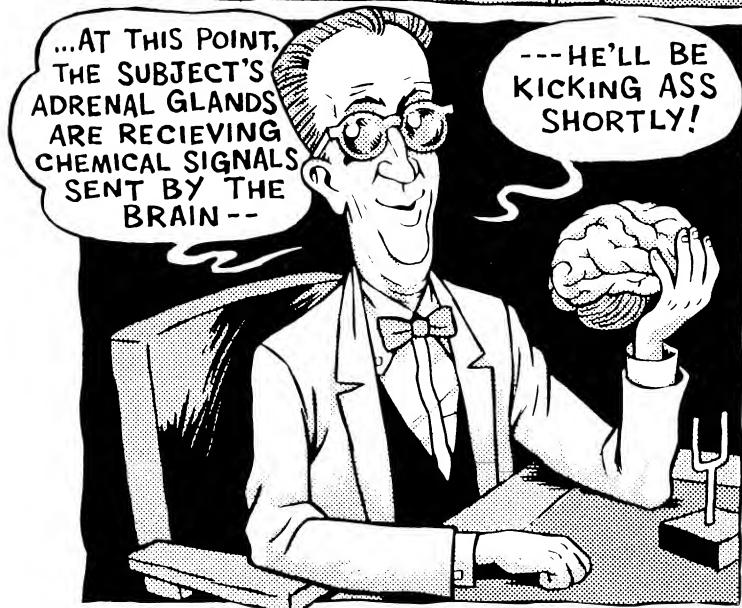
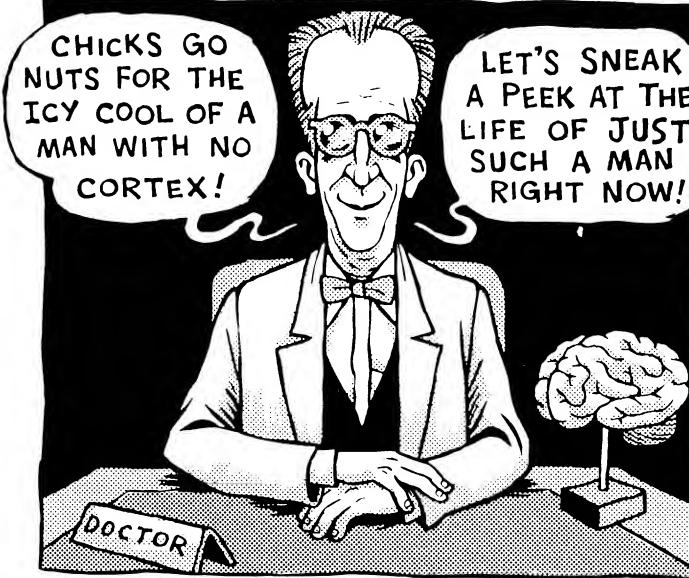
I will definitely try it. And, Poppy, this has been super. I do have one last question. How does your father feel about you now?

As she delivers her answer, I'm wondering if her two cats would mind me sharing a corner of the rug they curl up on.

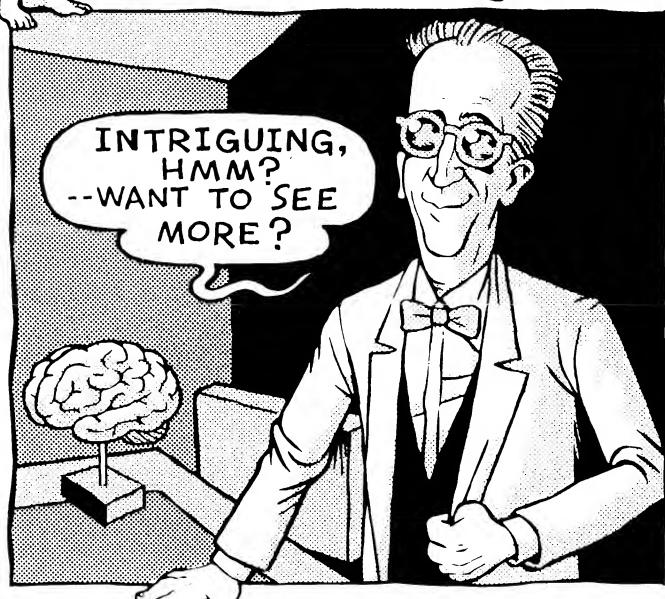
He thinks I'm one in five hundred thousand.

MISTER PONS, HARD-DRINKING BRAIN STEM

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Audio Depravation

* Fuckin' Crites (fc) — Rex Doan (rd) — Steve Jeffries (sj)
Brian Johnson (bj) — Craig Regala (cr) — Dom Salemi (ds)
Jim Schoene (js) — Alan Wright (aw) *

The A-Bones

Music Minus Zero: Hot on the heels of some fine 7" releases comes the latest A-Bones offering. Recorded in Seattle at Egg, this rockin' CD has fourteen tunes all of which will satisfy your craving for fine R 'n' R. The version of "Bird Doggin" (I know it by Gene Vincent) is red hot as is "Hully Gully" which features back-up from The 5678s. Scott McCaughey of the Young Fresh Fellows also makes some guest appearances on the keys and is in especially fine form on a cool interpretation of The Flamin' Groovies' "In The USA." Of course the originals are nothing to sneeze at, and both "You Oughta Know" and "Get Home Girl" will get your butt shakin'. Dig the boss 60ish in-joke sleeve design making this thing, unlike Lex Luger, the total package! (Norton) aw

Anal Cunt

Everyone Should Be Killed!: The usually excellent Earache label, which has released some of the most numbing, bone-breaking sounds in recent memory, has seen fit to issue this latest offering from Anal Cunt, a Boston-based noise trio that has been around in one form or another since 1988. *Killed!* contains fifty-eight tracks clocking in at just under one hour and it's all rather dull. Look, I like noise bands as much as anyone, probably a lot more than most, but I just don't get this. Alright, the cuts are very short, and they consist of what is mainly classifiable as white noise with vocalist/leader Seth Putnam screaming at full force over the top. So what! Out of the one hour running time, there are, at best, about one hundred seconds throughout the disc which show signs of any kind of structure at all. Song titles range from "Music Sucks" (this certainly does) to "Having to Make Up Song Titles Sucks" and,

my personal favorite, "I'm Not Allowed to like A.C. any more since they signed to Earache." Clever, huh? As I said earlier, I like "noise" but these guys don't make "interesting noise." None of it goes anywhere and moreover, there aren't any lyrics to speak of. In short, this is dreadful stuff. Once you get past the band's name (oooh, how shocking!) there's just vacuousness: unshaped sound made by idiots, signifying nothing. (Earache) js

Bequiled

Blue Dirge: Boss mix of ghoulabilly and retro-garage, the latter sometimes tintured with a bit o' blues. In other words rock and fucking roll. The kind you travel hundreds, okay let's get real, dozens of miles to hear even if you're drunk out of your mind and really would just rather stay home, watch WCW Saturday Night and vomit. And that's because unlike your local monstroso-wrestling-astro-vampire-go-go-cheesecake-combos, these boys play this Crampsy kind of stuff—"Kitten With A Whip" and "Orbotronic"—without resorting to those fakey cross-dressing moves so beloved by peripatetic record store clerks. Those in need of further persuasion of instrumental mastery are instructed to proceed immediately to galvanizing guileless intros "Nyoidia" and "Imp of Satan," the Beguiled's way of letting you know they could tear up novelty tunes like "Ubangi Stomp" and "Shortnin' Bread" if they really wanted to. (Crypt) ds & js

Hakim Bey

T.A.Z.: Oh great autonomous hipster. Let us throw off the chains of useless ideas and uxorious aesthetics. Rise! Rise above the moist madman monsignors, the pathetic

poseurs pontificating at poetry slams, the demented demagogues declaiming and give yourself to play. Word love. Agape love. Chaos love. Effulgent and rapacious intellect. Manchild of the beats grown strong in the ways of Ginsberg and Tuli (truly). Now mixing maxims and law with glory wiggled flights of fancy, wild metaphor, mad analogies. Poetic terrorism floating on clouds of pleasant soundscapes dappled with the exotic, the Oriental, the New Age. Genius disguised as common sense. A call to aesthetic arms camouflaged in irony. New hope for the barely living. Bring out your dead. Bring out your dead. (Axiom) ds

Biohazard

State of the World Address: This is acceptable heavy/speed/hardcore metal heavily influenced by rap/hip-hop conventions—a city hybrid born of the street. It sounds useless and at times the self-satisfaction with living and coping in NYC—it's hard ya know—reduces the music to a generic backdrop. Most of this, though, strikes a big resonating thump—a 90's corollary to Anthrax's similar 80's cross-poly hoopla. The leads stick—good, nonsingerly production—the shouted, chanted vocals owe equally to Murphy's Law and Onyx. The thick hand-of-doom chords are, well, just that. Track six, "Remember," is a hammering elegy for Vietnam vets—fathers and uncles first-hand. It is kinda telling in the who and why category. "Failed Territory's" Spanish guitar, carillon and synth string intro firms up the melodramatic lineage and the ensuing hollering and stomping signifies grace under pressure. (Warner Brothers) cr

Black Angel's Death Song

Sinning With A Policy—The Brett Sessions: BADS are a mixture of the Velvets and various '77 punk bands most notably, early Joy Division. They do a wicked version of The Doors' "The End" which sounds like Nico backed by the aforementioned VU. Ah, but anyway, this CD's real good, shifting between longer, intricate tunes to short punk blasts. Both sides of their excellent Dionysus 7" from awhile ago are here as well as their punky follow-up 45. Highly recommended. (Hell Yeah!) aw

Cilla Black

Best of the EMI Years: I was recently perusing some fanzine called *Flip-Out* or *Wipe-Out* or something like that (actually not bad) when I came upon some writer's self-righteous indictment of mags that only review records that get sent to them for free. Like a payola thing for the feckless and greedy. In order to prove him wrong I went out and spent twenty bucks on this disc. Clearly now I have purchased the right to report to you that it sucks! Aside from a few racey 1964 merseybeat gems ("Love of the Loved" etc.) the remainder of the titles here clearly evidence Cilla's handlers' ambition that she become a sort of loathsome white, British she-freak Sammy Davis Junior. Which could be kind of interesting. For free. (EMI) sj

Butt Trumpet

Primitive Enema: Despite being obnoxious, sophomoric and unrighteously indignant, this L.A. post-punk combo possesses the musical chops, compositional ability and savoir flair to push across their bratty epater-le-bourgeois songs of loving hatefulness. Recorded in two days and one night—like that's important—by Geza (Black Flag, The Germs, Dead Kennedys) X, *Primitive Enema*'s twin-bass driven, tuneful, rumbling on-the-edge-of-chaos compositions are efficacious complements to lyrics celebrating the joys of cluster-fucking and butt plugging or jeremiads against flannel-wearers, hippies and drug abusers. The slower stuff—"Yesterday" an angst filled ballad about the heartbreak of being in love with a woman with a fulsome beaver, "You're Ugly" a facetious meditation on an all too prevalent condition—is just as drop-dead funny. And unlike most bands of this ilk, Butt Trumpet have enlisted a shrill female vocalist to complement their stentorian male lead in an effort to cover all the bases, i.e., phallic and vaginal. (Hell Yeah!) ds

BuzzOv*en

BuzzOv*en: I suppose they sent us a press kit but I don't remember seeing it. There have been a lot of calls in the wake of the cassettes' mailing: "What do you think Dom?" "Isn't Buzz*Oven the most?" Yeah, they're the most all right, the most gothic grindcore band I've ever heard. Is there another practitioner of this genre out there? Does it matter? Maybe. It poses an interesting aesthetic dilemma, though. To wit: If you've never heard a "type" of sound how can you judge whether it's good or bad? Or to pose the question in more relevant and concrete, i.e., trendy music mag -terms: If you're unfamiliar with the Rolling Stones circa *Aftermath*, is the Chesterfield Kings' latest release the party record of the year or an uninspired bit of imitation? So, what to do? What should I do? Continue I suppose, it's all I can do. Here's what I heard: death rattle vocals, sweet and sour chords, disquieting textures adorning ghastly melodies. They sound sui generis, what Black Sabbath was to metal these guys appear to be to that slower-distorto-pseudo-psychadelic-ghoulish-stomp. Right sui generis. Until I get all these letters setting me straight about the historical origins of slow-distorto-blah-blah-blah . . . Rock music may be eminently disposable and rock criticism even more so but both sure be hard. (Roadrunner) ds

Cabaret Voltaire

The Conversation: Two discs of pleasant, very pleasant ambient house music. The kind you'd expect to turn up on *Beverly Hills Cop III* or a late-seventies Eddie Constantine Euro-thriller. "Project 80" is the major exception, a fifty-three minute "epic" amalgamation of radio transmissions, disembodied voices, moderate beats, music concrete and dollops of semi-onerous synth riffs. This *Conversation* I'm sure will be of interest to ravers and nouveau hippies but chances are, most eavesdroppers will find little in the way

of charming style or beautiful theme to recommend it. (Instinct) ds

Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds

Let Love In: Who the fuck knows? So, he likes weepy, country balladeering, sea chants, Sergio Leone, Leonard Cohen, maybe Lee Hazelwood, Dylan and cabaret music. A wide range of Southern roots music and Southern mystique fires him up in the same way the Beats did for Tom Waits, but really, he cops little directly. I'd imagine he is striving for music to fit him the same way his antecedents did. Being Australian though, his roots are less specific—this frees him to pilfer whatever, and to examine what has been produced by the various scum, criminals and adventurers who spawned his people. Next to American Music Club's *Mercury*, this is my favorite hip, adult contemporary LP by a white person. Some of the songs are quite good, especially "Red Right Hand," which is a kinda straight rip on some 50s R&B tune . . . wish I knew which one. It has a nice organ—Junior League-Ray Charles style—throughout and the best line, "I'm sorry for things I cannot even mention." (Electra Records) cr

Cherubs

Heroin Man: Tad, oh whale, weep not. For these hot blooded, wild and most urgent Cherubs follow in your lumbering, roiling wake. And they rock and they rock and they roll with massive, strong desire like 70's heavy Gods incensed with their worst excesses. Excess, yet not excess, giving way to something akin to tenderness: morbid sound laden with distortion and feedback, heavy bottom, growl-howl yowling, portentous metallic chords deep diving and resurfacing to rearrange itself like a great fierce seraph—once cherub recall—to face the threat encircling its huddled monster of love. Oh Tad, weep not. There are others. Perhaps your betters. (Trance) ds

Craw

S/T: Loud, drawn-up, dissected rock which comes off like harsh, psych-punk for the AM Rep-Trance crowd. At times, S/T is painfully wistful, reminiscent of Morsel's (also on Choke Records) *Noise Floor*. It also parallels the latter record in its fine "live" sound. Craw yaws and bites off enough big-chord power to play with adventurist metal or groove-core/hard-core bands. Listening to this conjures images of friends and family caving in and falling apart while you're standing on the corner trying to figure it all out. You can't, so, you play the music. I gotta hunch the band could be another good combo that falls between the cracks—like Saccharin Trust did in their time. So screw likely history and buy this thing. Bonus: Beautiful, perfectly integrated artwork and booklet. (Choke) cr

Crawpappy

Deluxe: A real earthmover this be. Employing Melvins'-style thuds (to a much greater effect) with barking voice

and tricked changes, Crawpappy literally burst with angst and passion. "Street" metal with unforgiving lyrics and even meaner riffs. Check out the muses spouted in "16oz. Logic": "Slagging through the shit. Stepping over bodies. We're murdering each other. But not fast enough . . . Take the law into your hands. Do what you will." Hmmmm . . . They hail from Tompkins Square in New York too, so besides being as oppressive and stunning as a NYPD billy club, they're *authentic* to boot, and in music as in any form of art, that's what really counts. (We Bite America) bj

Dead Boys

Night Of The Living Dead Boys: This crude sounding CD reissue containing a couple of bonus cuts from the '89 reunion tour is unlikely to add many converts to the cause. Still, crudeness along with stupidity and general incompetence is what drew true punks to the Dead Boys in the first place. That means you and me. This also means that you, like me, were appalled at the way Felix Pappalardi cleaned up the Boys' second effort. So you'll have to purchase *Night* just so you can hear the trashy version of songs like "Catholic Boys" and "Ain't It Fun." Not that Stiv and company don't trash everything else. They do. That's why you and I still own the first album. But not the second. Or the third. If there was a third. That's how bad the second LP was. Right? No? Am I making sense? (Bomp) ds

Dick Dale

Unknown Territory: I recently had the chance to catch the fabulous Dick Dale at a small club and during a break in the performance he confessed to the audience that when he first began recording *Unknown Territory* he was worried it wouldn't be as hot as his previous comeback release. Well, after listening to this a few times I have to tell you his fears were somewhat justified: *Territory* treads ground already well worn. A number of the tunes, particularly the "F Groove," a funky blues thang with Huey Lewis (ugh) on harp, and the sweet and simple "Mexico" and "Fish Taco" are wonderful, but far too often we find Dale repeating the same buzz and glissando attack over compositions stuffed with cliched melodies. The cover version of "Ghost Riders" has an austere majesty but the takes on "Ring Of Fire" and "California Sun" are rather routine and marred by Dale's colorless vocalizing. (Hightone) ds

The Drum Club

Drums Are Dangerous: [Read at 120 beats per minute] Punk is naive, drums are dangerous/This abhorrent futuristic disco makes me flatulent. Don't get caught stay ahead/If this is the "future" of music we're all better off dead. (Instinct) ds

The Fall

Middle Class Revolt: The twenty-fifth release finds this seminal band largely marking time. The fey compositions

consist primarily of quirky rhythm tracks with a few minor and uninteresting embellishments here and there. While I'm reasonably certain, given Mark E. Smith's track record, the lyrics are quite clever and corrosive, the record company has apparently deemed them unworthy of inclusion. Smith's garbled declamatory style doesn't help things either. In other words (mine): *If what you're sayin' don't mean a thing, the music had better swing. In some form out of time with the fashion if you want to generate passion.* (Matador) ds

The Fells

Amped: Much to the consternation of *Brutarian* staff types, I get really agitated every time we get a new Fells record in the mail. Fact is the Fells may be my very favorite current recording act, their rare quick-strummed rhythm guitar propelled punk sound's rivaled to my mind only by Maryland's unsung 70s punk legends The Shirkers ("Drunk n' Disorderly"/"Suicide"). I'll have you know that while the opinions expressed herein aren't necessarily those of this publication or its editors, they should be. And when I start vandalizing their cars even as they mock me behind my back, they'll know who is right. And then they'll be sorry. (Westworld) sj

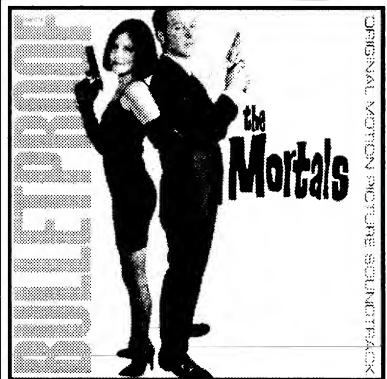
Fireworks

Set The World On Fire: Well this Texas garage band is hardly likely to do that as the Pope ex-of-Ohio laughingly noted and there are a number of bands who do this psychobilly-d.i.y.-ghoul rock better (DC's own Ubangis for one) but few with less conviction and intensity. You know, the kind of guys who stay up 'til the wee hours of the morning channel surfing in the hope of finding finding a Santo or Blue Demon movie to watch. Even though it's in Spanish. The songs themselves appear to have been recorded inside a garbage can which is always a plus and are drenched in echo and reverb. The skin-tapping is appropriately primordial, the monster-movie vocals wonderfully creepy and there are lots of chaotic instro breaks and nasty sound effects to keep your mind from wandering. I'd put up a ten-spot to see 'em in the appropriate setting, i.e., an abandoned building or a sweaty, urine-soaked warehouse. (Crypt) ds

Jimi Hendrix

Are You Experienced?: This is the best example of song (interestingness) vs. tune (humability) equals grit, plus space, plus chops hacked-up on the folk-blues-jazz R&B thing, ever. I mention it, in case you forgot, were confused or are stupid. The CD contains three pre-LP singles,

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cashing it out at a listening time of sixty-one minutes and twenty-five seconds. (MCA) cr

The Insomniacs

The Insomniacs: Clean, Kinksy '60s punk/pop. Might be the new Chesterfield Kings album. Anyway, Estrus records have generally been so uniformly good to date that it sometimes seems ridiculous to keep reviewing them. You could almost just sort of list them. But then I suppose they would stop sending them to us for free in the mail and we would have to go to the store and pay for them like everybody else. How vile! (Estrus) sj

The Jesus Lizard

Down: You've probably been told too many times already that The Jesus Lizard is the best band in the world at this point. Well, if you still think not, best bring your lunch and we'll talk about it over a few rounds. The new offering, *Down*, isn't quite the big bang that their last studio album was. But be honest; can you really hope to experience a blaze of glory like *Liar* twice in a lifetime, much less two times in as many years? Nonetheless, this thing is a gift, pure joy unfettered by politics or hygiene. Ah, the sweaty powwow that is "Horse." "Mistletoe" is like a crack fiend's version of "The Duane Eddy Theme Song." "Elegy" gives you the same misty-eyed feeling a sock on the beak does. The ten other numbers are things of beauty as well. Lots of fancy shit comes to mind about this band being the musical embodiment of chaos theory, or an orchestral differential equation. But it's best just to say that it is far too rare to be blessed with music that makes you want to get drunk, make love, pick a fight, and take a shit all at the same time. Kurt Cobain admitted that he was favorably influenced by The Jesus Lizard. It's a pretty good bet that aside from having a weak stomach, being saddled with a foul-mouthed harlot for a wife, and having a crumb snatcher named after a crazy person, Kurt found yet another reason to seek nirvana in a twelve-gauge: he reached the inescapable conclusion that no matter how rich and famous he and his little combo became, they would never sound as good as this band. What the hell are you reading a magazine for? Go out and get the goddamn thing already. (Touch and Go) fc

Jeff & Janet

Jesus Built A Ship To Sing To: When you got the music in your soul it doesn't matter where you're coming from does it? Here's a case in point: you've got these two white kids, Janet from CMJ darlings 11th Dream Day, and Jeff the leader of one of the weirdest pop-punk groups on the planet, Green, and they've put together an LP of twelve Gram Parsons' tunes reeking of the kind of offhand hillbilly charm and honky-tonk swing that the Eagles or Linda Ronstadt would kill for. Granted, it's pretty hard to screw up beautiful songs like "Love Hurts," "You Don't Miss Your Water," and "You're Still On My Mind" still, the trick is to do something memorable with them. *Jesus* does

thanks primarily to the way the duo trade off leads here, support the other there, and the fact that Jeff's ragged, achy tenor is perfectly complemented by Jane's sweet sad melancholy. (KokoPop) ds

Lab Report

Unhealthy: The healthy mind is made stronger by an earnestly pursued college education. It gives one the courage of one's convictions, negates the tendency to rely on input from primitive auto-didacts and admits the influence of forbearers of true genius and originality. What is unhealthy here?: the contributions of mediocrities G. P. Orridge and Lydia Lunch and the use of pseudo-profound non-sequiturs ("This is the place where sex is now an act of murder") and Apollo-mission-style sound bites as color for the genuinely unsettling synthesized compositions. Healthier are the ersatz Eno-Fripp opuses such as "Fig 11-22" and "Signal to Signal" eschewing voices and irony for the sake of disquiet and morbid beauty. (Invisible) ds

Laika & The Cosmonauts

Instruments Of Terror: Not since The Spotnicks has Scandinavia produced such soul-subduing sounds. And because these guys are from Finland, which is almost Russia which in turn is almost Oriental, there's a decidedly exotic tinge to these surf-spy-garage intros . . . *Ah Finland! Men of uncommon valor. Widespread they stand filled with ancient mysteries and brooding savage dreams.* *Spawned within the Northlands dusky forest. Pelted warriors fighting with clubs and hammers, beating out rude music by black smoking hearthsides . . .* Boss originals rub elbows with killer arrangements of chestnuts like The Sandals' "Endless Summer." The cheesy farfisa adds a wonderful touch of classlessness to moldy oldies such as "Mission Impossible" and "Experiment In Terror." Hopefully, Laika and the boys will tackle Sibelius' *The Swan of Tuone/a* on their next offering. (Upstart Records, Box 44-1418, W. Somerville, MA 02144) ds

Jack Logan

Bulk: Jack Logan, a singer/songwriter from Georgia was first brought to the attention of Twin Tone owner Peter Jesperson by Peter Buck of R.E.M. Jesperson saw Logan play live and asked him if he had anything on tape. Logan said he did, and ended up sending over six hundred songs taken from 4-track cassette and 4, 8 and 16-track reel-to-reel masters. Jesperson picked out forty-two cuts for this double CD set, and they range from folk, blues, country, pop, to garagey, grungy rocked-out numbers. At times, Logan can sound like *Zuma*-era Neil Young (only with lower-pitched vocals), complete with snakey guitar breaks and fuzz chords. Sometimes he sounds plaintive, like on the vocal/piano "Town Crier." Logan's lyrics are often twisted and perverse, as on "Underneath Your Bed," which tells of a guy laying in bed with a girl who proceeds to inform him that some of her past lovers are wrapped in plastic under the frame. "Heartattack on The Prairie" deals with

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a heart attack victim vainly trying to reach for the phone. Logan gets musical help from various Georgia friends including some members of the Dashboard Saviors. I think it's a little strange that someone like Logan hasn't been scooped up by one of the major labels in their never-ending quest for "alternative" artists. Judging from this release, Logan is probably crazy enough not to want to go for the big time. He seems content to put his songs on tape for himself and his friends, even though people like John Prine and Lucinda Williams have sung his praises for some time. The breadth of style here is very large, and that's one of the things that may keep you going back for more. There are some great lines in here that stand on their own as well. Oh yeah, there's a song called "The Parishioner," co-written and sung with Vic Chesnutt which is pretty scary. All in all, this is definitely worth seeking out. (Medium Cool/Twin Tone Records, 2217 Nicollet Ave. So., Minneapolis, MN 55404) js

Lucy's Fur Coat

Jaundice: Heavy homage to 70's "hard rock" (as per most Alterna-acts) which doesn't translate quite as well as one may hope, give way at times to a poor man's Nirvana-like-noise, but neither attempt succeeds entirely. In fact, the bands' influences are clearly displayed on their respective sleeves for all to see. Besides the aforementioned Nirvana, we get Butthole Surfers, Stone Temple Pilots and

even roots from Country Joe and The Fish and Steppenwolf. A somewhat eclectic mix, I admit, but not a very exciting one. Why settle for a second rate imitation when you can easily obtain the original? On second thought, these "clean-cut, well scrubbed boys" are more entertaining than Country Joe and the Fish, but then again, who isn't? (Relativity) bj

Lyres

Happy Now: Mono Man is back! After some real hot 7's on Norton and other labels we finally get a new LP. And guess what? It's pretty boss! Only two originals this time but the rest are so obscure most people probably won't recognize 'em anyway! A cover of the It's Them tune "Baby(I Still Need Your Lovin') from the A-side of that Norton 7" kicks things off and then it's pretty much a non-stop RnB/Soul/Garage rave-up from start to finish. Lotsa classy organ playing, tremolo guitar and even a harp player for that "bluesy" effect on certain cuts. Dig the cool versions of The Rolling Stones' early intros "Now I've Got A Witness" and "Stoned." "I Ain't Going Nowhere" has to be the best song on the whole shebang, the guitar is simply crunching and the sound, as it is on most of this, is very "thick," yet not at all over-produced. My second fave is the folk-rock "I'll Make It Up To You," with its Beatlish flavor. Overall, an almost flawless work; I'm glad to see the Lyres are back. (Taang!) aw

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Morse

Noise Floor: It's in the music. The jammed, hard rock is constructed from the same angles and noises that made King Crimson and Sonic Youth (and non-hard-core Die Kreutzen) desirous of capturing the muse and beating his/her head on the art rock. Music I own which comes closest to approximating this is the second half of the Massacre record, *Killing Time*, a Frith-Laswell-Maher live throw-down. What I really like about this long, ropy, strumming, roaring and drilling concoction is three fold: (1) No obvious post-modern flashy allusions—if it fits in the music, it's there; (2) It never wanders off senselessly although it does occasionally walk off a cliff and then have to scramble and lunge back up; (3) There's a seamless natural feeling in both the playing and the singing. Parts of the vocals could be on an 11th Dream Day LP. But they're not; they're here on this beautiful live-sounding recording. (Choke) cr

Nailbomb

Point Blank: What we have here is the result of a collaboration of Sepultura's guitarist/vocalist Max Cavalera and Fudge-Tunnel's equivalent Alex Newport, utilizing ideas and influences out of place or unacceptable in their respective acts. A savage punk frenzy combined with industrial/metal madness which at times, easily equals and sometimes even surpasses its origins. Originally a project born of boredom and whimsy, *Point Blank* is proof that talent and tenacity can, and occasionally does produce a sum larger than its parts. If this is a one-shot, Sepultura and the Fudgers are likely breathing a sigh of relief. (Roadrunner) bj

Pagans

Everybody Hates You: Not me, cause I think these largely and unjustifiably ignored late-seventies Cleveland punks were, in many ways, the true heir apparent to seminal acts like The Stooges and The New York Dolls. Sure scream that the aforementioned were totally different, but in your heart you know they weren't. Both bands were sloppy, intense as hell, reverentially three chord, bratty, faux-moronic, and didn't give a rat's ass whether anybody liked them. The Pagans were all this and sometimes more which wouldn't matter if they didn't write great songs. They did. *Hates You* slaps together twenty-five originals and five covers and is essential listening for all those who believe, as Lester Bangs once observed, that the best rock and roll is at its core "a bunch of mindless raving shit." (Crypt) ds

Pro-Pain

The Truth Hurts: It certainly does but if you want to survive or remain sane, you develop a sense of humor. Rimbaud's life was once a feast where all hearts were open, all wines flowed and he ended up running guns in Africa. Pro-Pain's heavy, semi-speedy metal and stunningly dour lyrics, however, leave you with the uncomfortable feeling

Man Or Astroman

Astro Launch: I have always given Man Or Astroman releases kind reviews in the past, not so much because I really like them, but because I think people should buy more guitar instrumental records than they do. A lot more. Especially esoteric early sixties space-probe stuff like The Spotnicks, The Moontrekkers, and anything else produced or inspired by the legendary Joe Meek. Anyway, I genuinely like this latest release because it sounds sort of, well, Meek. Really. Plus, as a seven inch EP, it measures a full five inches less than my fully erect penis, which makes me feel kind of manly. And kind of turned on. (Estrus) sj

Moistboys

Moistboys EP: After a couple-a-beers thrown back over a couple-a Ancient Times bourbon shots there's nothing better than chasing it with some snotty, white-boy, heavy-metal rant. 'Specially when they or he is or are singing 'bout driving while drunk, smoking crack or drinking Mad Dog. Makes ya feel like ya haven't wasted Saturday afternoon. Too bad this is only a six cut EP but when you're as drunk as I am, cool, aggro-distorto-guitar amped way past the point of endurance placed in the service of late-seventies Nugent styled sounds can be played over and over again without adverse effect. Well, maybe adverse effect but certainly without becoming at all tedious. Does this mean I'm maturing as a rock critic? (Grand Royal) ds

laughter might not be the best medicine. That's how vivid and kinesthetic the *Truth* is. And Pro-Pain understand things: the reason people work for nothing and surrender to it or to ministers, politicians, next-door neighbors, et al. just to quiet the voices in their head; what poverty and insanity look and feel like; the price the individual and society pays for repression; why we have to rely on ourselves if we want to remain sane. "Only the strong survive, the weak shall fall/The rest will pray to the likes of, a concrete wall." I like that. I also like the fact that Ice-T helps cut on "Put The Lights Out" and the band doesn't make a big deal of it. And that it isn't even the best song on this monster. (Energy) ds

The Rolling Stones

Voodoo Lounge: Apparently, these superannuated bad boys have refused to go gently into that good night, preferring instead to rage, rage against the dying of the incandescent adolescent light. Most of this sounds like out-takes from *Exile On Main Street* which isn't such a bad thing if you stop and think about it. I mean it's not like that two record set was the WORST ROCK 'N ROLL RECORD EVER MADE! Now while *Voodoo Lounge* may have nothing to match anything on that seminal platter, its de gage lyric strain, insidious hooks and shabby melodies kind of work themselves into your heart after a half dozen or so plays. This of course, may be four or five more spins than even the most ardent fans may be willing to give, especially after the debacle that was *Steel Wheels*, but this is Stones after all, and these devils deserve a bit of sympathy. Some day you're going to be this old and hungry for love too. (Virgin) ds

Sister Machine Gun

The Torture Technique: "I don't give a damn . . . I don't belong" lead singer Chris Randall can be heard muttering at points on "Salvation" the majestically heavy opening track on Sister Machine Gun's intriguing debut. But Chris is wrong. Dead wrong. This techno-industrial aggregation is right at home on Wax Trax as their sound and vision is nothing so much as a distillation of that of label mates Ministry and KMFDM. In fact, En Esch of the latter shows up on several tracks lending a hand with the vocal chores and a whole host of Waxed luminaries appear to have a helped in stirring things up. It's not a case of too many cooks spoiling the broth though for much of *Torture* is insidiously catchy, hook laden and demi-danceable alternating *sturm und drangery* with aggressive aggro lumber. None of this is startlingly original—especially the dire and drug laden lyrical strain—but it is an enjoyable decoction nevertheless. (Wax Trax) ds

Slapshot

Live At SO36: Relatively unknown in the US of A outside of Boston, Slapshot has been kicking around in various incarnations since 1986. This is a collection of some of the combo's hottest tunes recorded in some dive in Germany.

An adroit mix of post punk and hardcore, *SO36* is highly recommended to those who like the more stentorian, metallic side of the genre. And even if you don't, you'd be a cad not to admit that Jack Kelly is a terrific leather-lunged vocalist and his impassioned singing spurred on by the blast of guitar spew metted out from time to time by Darryl Sheppard raises this thing several cuts above the many efforts released in this highly unfashionable and generally undistinguished and discredited field. (We Bite America) ds

Stigmata A Go Go

Cyclone Rider E.P.: Despite its alluring Hot Wheels cover art this record proved to be quite noisome and, perhaps more interestingly, incredibly difficult to destroy. Upon completing my first listening I quickly grasped the disc between thumb and forefinger, removed it from the turntable, and vigorously winged it toward the kitchen where my wife was doing the dishes. Much to my horror the thing careened off of the door frame, showering her with paint chips. As my spouse shrieked horrifyingly for vengeance in her guttural native Corsican, my own blood boiled as I noted with chagrin that the record had suffered little discernable damage. This grave insult to our family's honor was virtually to much for us too bear, and while I see no need to detail the hours of verbal and physical abuse we heaped upon the impudent bit of plastic in order to break both its spirit and corpus, I will tell you that in the end we were forced to bake it. The stench of cloying pop blights our hearth and the memories of our ancestors to this day. (Silver Girl Records) sj

Stillborn

Permanent Solution: Too many nods to Black Sabbath for my elevated and post-modern tastes (Although the B.S. boys are one of my all time favorite acts) and not enough "break-your-neck" speed riffage. Seems some people have completely ignored or have totally forgotten that "heavy metal" has spawned a number of sub-splinter groupings in semi-recent times and what once used to pass as "heavy" is now just considered nostalgic by most. All the "da da dadadas" are here, and performed quite adeptly, but I fear it's all for naught. These guys would've played well at a "masters of rock" tour circa '74, but that was eons ago. Sadly, a case of the wrong place, wrong time syndrome striking again. (Century Media) bj

Thee Hypnotics

The Very Crystal Speed Machine: Yeah, its been out for half of forever, but look, it got a bum rap. Okay, it's as dry as the Four Horsemen record. Yeah, the "soulful" parts are a dead-ass mistake. And yeah, it is too goddamn long. Its salvation? Big dumbfuck booze rock, the kind which owes more to the Frost, Robin Trower and Free than to the Stooges, Jimi Hendrix or the Stones. This is just fine by me. If a band can up and fucking stumble ferociously into burnt, drug-addled, clunky shoveling (say Kyuss in the "metal" domain) minus all the niceties, well, by God, they

get my buck. Four times it happens here, most usefully on the seven minutes of "Heavy Liquid." The rest of the record is an inferior-to-the-Black-Crowes-take on Mick Jagger & Co.—Savoy-Southern soul rock. (American Records) cr

Twisted Roots

Turn To Stone: Just when you think these guys will slip into a coma of corny, they punch in with the pumps. Yes, a lot, if not most of the moves encompassed here are somewhat mired in predictability, yet there's still enough wallops in the wires to satisfy. Should be a biggie on the lists of Pearl Jam, Candlebox devotees (but who cares about *them*?), while more demanding listeners will scratch their heads and wonder why the world needs another Southern-styled, depressing, beer-soaked quartet. A very good question indeed, and one which I'm afraid I cannot answer. (Cherrydisc) bj

Various

The Del-Fi Rarities: Surf's up, cowabunga, papa ooh mow mow etc. Forget the pseudo hip beach talk, man, and open your ears to this fabuloso thirty-two cut—well, twenty-seven, there are a couple of inconsequential bits like David "Bread" Gates' "Okie Surfer," the Surfettes' "Side-walk Surfer" which really bites the big one but they don't count as they contain what might charitably be called singing—CD featuring mostly rare, all beyond compare hot rod and surf intros from the likes of The Bobby Fuller Four, Shiftsters, Roadsters, et al. And if you have any doubts as to how boss this comp is all ya gotta know is that the guy who founded Del-Fi had both Richie Valens and Dick Dale in his stable. Which makes Dale's absence from this set all the more puzzling. I mean, did Dick record for Del-Fi or didn't he? And if he did then why isn't he here? The fucking disc is dedicated to him. And it's not like his early Del-Fi stuff isn't as equally rare as some of the crap on this thing. So what's going on? Will somebody please tell me what's going on. Jesus! This is the kinda thing that gets me really steamed. Really friggin' steamed. Really, really . . . (Del-Fucking-Fi) ds

Various

Cheapo Crypt Sampler: A recent critique of our mag in a Factsheet Five styled magazine took us to task for writing record reviews which "appear to be little more than attempts to get free records." Well, of course we want free records, ya muke, and sure most of our music bits are positive. Who wants to read put-downs of obscure bands with unappetizing names like Tasty Anus? Buy *Maximum Rock N Roll or Your Flesh* if you want to bore yourself to death with shit like that. But I do understand the guys' point. When you have a short sounds section and almost every notice is akin to a plug you do look kind of like you're sucking up. And you look like even more of a goof when you

start to rave about each and every cut of a fabuloso thirty-one song compilation of "bare-bones, un-progressive bash-it-out-and-do-it-simply rockers" like this one. So now, I ask you, what am I supposed to do? Tell you that if you like drunken louts like Billy Childish or The Raunch Hands or twin-octane fueled punks like The New Bomb Turks or The Devil Dogs you should buy this thing? Now how smart does that make me look? And if I strike the it's-great-if-you-like-this-sort-of-thing pose I'd be doing *this* boss sampler a great injustice. Ah me! Time yet for a hundred indecisions. And for a hundred visions and revisions. Before the Blatz hits and I have to pee. (Crypt) ds

Various

Stompin' Volumes #13 & #14: With Piney Brown's "You Bring Out The Wolf in Me" from volume #12 still stuck in my head, I was uncertain as to whether I would be emotionally and spiritually equipped to take-on two new volumes from this vinyl-only blues and R&B compilation series. Like a man, I accepted the challenge and found these new installments in many ways to be the strongest yet. As is characteristic of the series, we get an eclectic batch of vintage urban blues, country blues, jump blues, black rock 'n' roll, and early soul. Highlights from #13 include the aptly titled "Wild Track" by Guitar Frank and "Chicken Stuff" from the primitive steel guitarist Hop Wilson. "Long Tall Papa" by Erline Harris on #14 will no doubt help to "validate" feminist listeners ("I've got a long tall papa, I want that understood, when he beats me to my knees, girls, it sure feels good") and Nicky Lee's "Rock 'n' Roll the Blues" provides some of the soaring guitar, honking saxes, and up tempo shuffle beat which can be found liberally spread over every satisfying volume. Also included is an incredibly rare and intriguing advertisement for Twenty Grand "The Man's Brand" ("put it in your glass and cool your . . .") sung by the flamboyant and gold-toothed Billy Wright. Please keep in mind the limited nature of these comps, the fact that there is very little duplication with other reissues, and that your life will be hollow mockery without all of them. (Stompin' Records, UK import) rd

Various

Talkin' Trash! Lookey Dookey: Seventy-eight minutes of rhythm 'n blues circa '56 to '64 that also happens to ROCK with a capital ROCK! And there are thirty-four of them so those of you with short attention spans are sure to be thrilled. And those of you obscurantists are going to flip as this thing is filled with raving, no-bullshit nonsense by whozats like Mr. Wiggles, the Volcanoes and the Guitar Crusher! Although this comp purportedly contains sixties songs it's all very fifties with sleazy sax, jive singing & talk, primordial guitar chording and gospel flavored background singing. Instructions for listening tell us to get drunk and nekkid. Is there any other way to listen to inspired shout-bama-lama scorchers like this? (Crypt) ds

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The Woggles

The Zontar Sessions: Zontar? These guys must want a *Psychotronic* type review. Zontar: remake of Roger Corman's *It Conquered The World* filmed in Texas by Larry Buchanan. John Agar (*Brain From Planet Arous*) tries to keep scientist Anthony Huston (?) and his bat (!) from taking over the world. When he fires his ray gun the screen goes negative (?!). Buchanan also made *It's Alive* with Tommy Kirk a very bad monster in a cave . . . "No Reason To Complain" was released around 1966 from a Parma, Ohio band called The Alarm Clock. They sounded like the Kinks and dressed in . . . No, nobody *really* wants a Michael Weldon review, do they? And the terribly boss Woggles certainly don't deserve one either. *The Zontar Sessions* is a fab, catchy, hook-laden collection of original takes on sixties garage rock featuring hoarse, ragged, unearthly singing from a man calling himself "The Professor" and some equally out-of-this-world guitar work from a number of obviously wigged-out wildmen. So good is the latter, in fact, you'll probably be putting on the headphones just to catch every twangy reverb, distorted mad nuance. Overall, the feel, the tone, is one of dementia held in heavy check although the wild soloing and nasty takes on cunnilingus ("Carnivore") and necrophilia ("Graveyard Woman") hip you to the fact that the alcohol or whatever it is these guys are taking to calm themselves down isn't always working. (Estrus) ds

The Wailers

The Boys From Tacoma: For years I have wondered why, up until now, there existed no crucial document of this incredible 60's Tacoma band. They were the original DIY punk group putting out their own records and doing a fine job of it. But they remained relatively unknown despite the fact that many of their songs were considered "garage rock" classics and their influence on 80s-90s retro-punk was tremendous. Well, Wailer's bassist and Etiquette Records owner Buck Ormsby have decided to rectify things by putting together this amazing CD anthology. Due to copyright law, nothing from the combo's first album on Golden Crest is featured but a fine selection of tunes from singles and the other five LPs is included. The definitive version of "Louie Louie," featuring Rockin' Robin Roberts on vocals is one of the many highlights. There are also great instro numbers like "Tall Cool One" and "Mashi." Crazed singing dominates killer garage-punk classics like "Out Of Our Tree," "Hang Up" and "Dirty Robber." Even the groups' brief flirtation with psychedelia are represented by the incredible acid-punk of "Bad Trip," the Byrdsian folk rock of "It's You Alone" and the flowery "Walk Thru The People." Overall, you get twenty-seven cuts, great sound quality and a nice cross-section of The Wailers' diverse and innovative music. My only minor and inconsequential rock critic complaint concerns the exclusion of the fab "Hold," and the bad edit on the wigged-out version of "Smokestack Lightning." (Etiquette) aw

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A. JUNO

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"SOMEONE
SAID LONG AGO
THAT MEN SHOULD BE
FUCKED IN THE ASS 1ST
BEFORE THEY FUCK A
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UNDERSTAND WHAT IT
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D. GALÁS

"SEXUAL
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NO RESPECTER OF BOUNDRIES,
ENDING NOT IN SEXUAL
CLIMAX BUT IN A HUMAN
TRAGEDY OF FAILED
RELATIONSHIPS."
A. PWORKIN

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B. HOOKS

"MY
FAVORITE
LINE IS:
MASTURBATION
SATISFIES
WHAT
REALITY
CANNOT
WITHSTAND."
L. LUNCH

MEN
CREATED
CIVILIZATION
IN THE IMAGE
OF A PERPETUAL
ERECTION:
A PREGNANT
PHALLUS.
P. CHESLER

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Florida Frenzy

Harry Crews

University of Florida Press (1992)

Harry Crews is the kind of writer you can read while drinking all day. He'd probably tell you it should be bourbon chased back with beer. And maybe a little steaming black coffee every now and then to keep some of the edge on.

Reading's one thing though. Writing's another and now it's late in the afternoon and I've finished Crews' *Florida Frenzy* and I don't know how to begin. Don't know where to begin. Should I start by talking about the prose, that terse, muscular, exquisite prose. Sentences, paragraphs, pages bred in the foul rag and bone shop of the heart, effulgent of whiskey, blood and sweat.

What about going over a few of the many passages I've underlined? That will get me going. It's always worked before. Take another shot of Ancient Times and just open the book to a page, any page.

Ah, it's no good. I'm rereading and rereading and I'm getting this sick, empty feeling in the pit of my stomach. A nauseating epiphany. A sorrowful revelation. I cannot and will not ever, no never, not in my wildest dreams, be able to put words together with the elegant simplicity of Harry Crews.

And I want to write about this guy? Where do I begin? And how do I presume?

Here: *Florida Frenzy* is a collection of essays and bursts of short fiction. The essays read like fiction and the fiction reads like essays. But hell, that's what you want from a writer. A little bit of story with your lesson. A little bit of lesson with your story. Great writers have a way of doing that. Almost without even thinking about it.

Crews sings of the "naked American." ". . . no future, only the moment, and the moment is savage." Yes it's the savagery found in cock-fighting, gator hunting and pro football but filtered through an almost primordial poetic sensibility, one which wants to "crush the heart with living memory." And to do this Harry must often embrace that which he readily admits is "unconscionably inconsistent." The something which "loves blood." Things Crews loves and which never will, or can, love him back. Things which are abhorrent and yet consistently beautiful. Not particularly admirable traits but one, that as a writer, Crews has "always had and one I've never tried to suppress or find the reasons for." You go with what moves you. That's all you can do.

Without trying to make too much of this, Harry Crews' voice—I hesitate to use the word persona—seems to me to be irresistibly, irredeemably male. But in the way that both men and women can understand. Although I doubt the essayist of the "Unfeminine Mystique," the educated savage debating whether he should punch out an obnoxious female for berating him in his own watering hole, gives

a shit about gender labels. I'd think he'd tell us that writers write what they have to in the way that they have to and leave the characterizations for the literary critics.

You take as your subject that which burns in the blood and in the taking you learn some interesting things. Like women are better handlers of gamecocks than men and most probably their equal at drag racing. And men are children and thus their way of showing great respect and mutual admiration is to often beat the shit out of each other. That we are a "violent culture" and so all of us secretly enjoy racing and pro football and bar fights and so on.

I'm not sure how well Crews understands or even feels the need to try to understand women (I know that when he wants to write compassionately about them, he can break your heart as he does in *The Scar Lover*, his most recent novel) but I've never read anyone who has a better understanding of the male psyche. Maybe it's a particular kind of man he's writing about but while getting the low-down on why guys like old cars ("The Car") or rundown bars ("Tuesday Night") or feel the need to prove themselves in front of total strangers ("The Enthusiast") I felt like I was learning something strange and terrible about myself and about almost every fella I've ever known.

I've made a beginning. And this beginning will also be the end of this piece. Besides, I'm out of bourbon and beer. There's still a little coffee left. Think I'll heat it up and open the book again. I'm sure there's something I missed. I'm sure there will always be something I missed.

Dom Salemi

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Into the Badlands

John Williams

Paladin Books (1992)

Sickened by the new wave music scene of the early eighties, Brit music journalist John Williams turned to contemporary American crime fiction as an anecdote to the music he found to be "emotionally withheld." What started innocently enough with a couple of Elmore Leonard paperbacks soon blossomed into an obsession with the genre, its writers, and life in America's crumbling metropolises. In the summer of 1989, Williams traveled stateside to interview many leading crime fiction writers and to see America through their eyes. The result is a sinister road map of the U.S. throughout which Williams exhibits a welcome appetite for sleaze. During his travels he visits a porno ship in L.A., frequents innumerable dive bars, and spends most of his nights in cheap roadside motels. In fitting fashion, he initiates his tour in that haven for European visitors: Miami, Florida. Though his brief stay there pre-dates the much publicized string of tourist murders, writers Carl Hiasson and James Hall do their best to convince Williams that Miami is a thoroughly corrupt and dangerous town. Both writers offer revealing views about their careers, the cocaine trade in Miami, the city's

troubled race relations, and its on-going political machinations. There is also a welcome discussion of the great Charles Willeford, who perhaps more than any other crime writer, used the Miami locale to greatest advantage. Williams next visits New Orleans where he looks for records, paperback books, good fried chicken, and voodoo paraphernalia. He also talks to author James Lee Burke about his Dave Robicheaux detective series, the South, and alcoholism. Other notable stops along the way include a visit to Chandler's "sunbaked sodom" of Los Angeles where a somewhat deranged James Ellroy shares his obsessions and fears, details about his own career of petty crime, and his ongoing battle with drug and alcohol abuse. Black crime writer Gar Haywood also provides his own view of Los Angeles as it appears in his fiction about a private detective working South Central L.A. The interview segments with San Francisco-based Joe Gores and an actual private detective named Tink Thompson fail to capture the true sleaze and danger of the city's tenderloin district as effectively as William Vollman's recent book *Whores for Gloria*; however, Williams thankfully denigrates the Haight-Ashbury district which he describes as a "generic youth zone" identical to those found in any other major city. In Montana, Williams convenes with the great James Crumley who talks about perpetually being broke, hanging-out, and never fitting-in. Between adding to his tab at Charlie's Bar and scuffling to meet his alimony and child support payments, Crumley does lend insight into his fiction and badmouths mainstream America with such passion that it made me smile. Writer Eugene Izzi unveils the underbelly of Chicago and is ultimately more interested in sharing stories about true crime than talking about his own fiction. In a chapter appropriately titled "Detroit: Where the Weak are Killed and Eaten," a rather unassuming Elmore Leonard talks about the city, his lifelong desire to write, and alcoholism (beginning to notice a pattern?). Saving the most bizarre, sadistic, and unsettling for last, Williams concludes with a visit to New York and writers Joseph Koenig and Andrew Vachss. Koenig talks at length about his fascinating experiences as a former true crime reporter for *True Detective* magazine; in which he drove all over the eastern United States following tips from an elaborate network of informants and documenting some of the most brutal crimes imaginable. Koenig wrote hundreds of these true crime articles over the years and the influence they show in his gritty, unrelenting fiction is unmistakable. In between, hero Nick Tosches makes a brief appearance to talk about his novel, *Cut Numbers* and his "lowlife fascinations." Finally, as the last author to be interviewed, Andrew Vachss is arguably the most memorable and certainly the most bizarre figure to appear in the book. Vachss wears an eye patch, shows off pictures of his attack dog like a boastful father ("better than guns, dogs won't rust"), and when he's not writing fiction, he's busy at work as an attorney who specializes in child abuse. From the relative safety of his car, Vachss shows Williams waterfront bars that deal in "borderline" (underage) prostitution, restaurants that serve food that "would be outlawed in a P.O.W. camp," and a meat packing plant that is home to packs of wild dogs vicious enough to "swallow a pitbull." Driving past the meat mar-

Y U N I T

an opening of
aesthetic
perceptions to
include the
vastness and
ultimate fragility
of the universe
itself

Elvis People—The Cult Of The King

Ted Harrison

One of the most inspired bits of long-running sh!t I've ever seen involved a wrestler calling himself the Honky Tonk Man. Although he didn't look much like The King, this fat guy tried his damndest to come off as an evil Elvis. For the most part, it worked, mat fans loathed him as much as any heel in the history of the sport. Watching the crowd pelt HTM with their half-filled plastic beer cups one night, it struck me that the only way this man could have antagonized the rabble more was if he had come out as a rule-breaking Jesus battering his opponents with a bloody cross. Which this Honky might as well have done inasmuch as most of the half-wits in attendance probably believed, as most Presley fans do, that if The Big E wasn't the Lord's only begotten son, he was, at the very least, some kind of demi-urge. Ted Harrison has decided to explore this curious phenomenon from every conceivable religious angle - the Gospel, resurrection, the priesthood, et al. - and in the process has produced a thought provoking, erudite and amusing study, a study which gives us passageway into the hearts and minds of the poor deluded souls who have chosen to devote their lives to the talented crocker from Tupelo, Mississippi. The man who

ket, Vachss gestures towards a sign that reads "Dead End" and remarks that "truer words were never spoken." Williams too notes that "beneath the sign is an abandoned child's tricycle—God knows how or why."

While *Into the Badlands* has its flaws (after all, Williams does talk to the occasional non-alcoholic writer; in addition, he refers to Grover Washington Jr.—whose lameness can only be equalled by Kenny G.—as an American jazz treasure . . . twice!), the book is at times awe-inspiring and always entertaining. Just as importantly, it serves as a catalyst for readers to investigate crime fiction on their own. To that end, Williams has included a fairly comprehensive bibliography of all the authors interviewed. Jolly good job, Mr. Williams, and have another pint on us!

Rex Doane

The Southeast Asian Book Of The Dead

Bill Shields

2.13.61 Publications (1993)

Over seventy years ago, Wilfred Owen asked of the boys being systematically slaughtered in the trenches, "What passing bells for these who die as cattle?" Bill Shields, a survivor of sorts of the "war" in Vietnam, opens his second book of poems and prose pieces asking for this: "[that] the front door would swing wide and a man will walk in w/ metal jacketed rounds & put one right thru my right eye."

Bill Shields is full of self-pity. And fear and loathing and self-contempt. His dreams are nightmares. His days are empty, taken up with sordid, sour memories, harsh longing for what might have been, the bitter laceration of wasted time. Time past and time future. "Locked in tight with the arms of war." Searching. Desperately searching. For "words to describe a scream."

And when he sits down at that word processor, that "whore word processor," his right hand "nailed" to the chair; he finds them. Words redolent of blood. If it's not bleeding "it ain't worth the reading."

Book Of The Dead is raw, horrific and unforgettable. Raw because Shields refuses to compromise, to forget, to gloss over: "I'm beyond tears, beyond any sorrow; I've looked all the ghosts in the eye and faced my cowardice, my dishonesty. I never look away." Horrific as a consequence of the brutal imagery. And the honesty: "You go into hell alone—I know that." Much of this reads like pages ripped from the diary of one of the damned. Damned but not lunatic. The lines appear to have been too carefully constructed and edited (with the aid of Henry Rollins) to be the work of a raving madman. Unforgettable. How does one convey that something is unforgettable? By telling you that you'll want to stop reading but you'll be unable to? And that when you're done you'll find yourself continually returning to the book?

I have. Dozens of times. I'll tell you the reason in a moment.

Poets love to sing of beauty. "Beauty is truth. Truth beauty. That is all on earth you need to know" Keats said. Whitman sang of the "body electric" and his "glories strung like beads across the river." Shields has seen the other side and so he "sings" of war—inside and out—of "how the bodies farted and belched for hours after their demise," of "trying to believe in a god enough for him to take my life," of "the horror of life that weighs more than a graveyard."

War memories—none of it good how could any of it be good unless boredom, "hours pounded against the human clock" is good—perpetuate an ever widening gyre encompassing thoughts of family, friends, lovers, work. All extended metaphors or analogies for battle: "My childhood was Vietnam

retrofitted." An alcoholic mother slowly and horribly dying of cancer yields to images of a young daughter wasting from Agent Orange engendered leukemia. Marriages imploding, relationships gutted; the maimed and dying everywhere you step. Watch where you step. An explosion. A fire fight. VC on the wire . . . Redeem the time. Redeem the time. How can you redeem the fucking time when time no longer exists and your best friends, your only friends, are the dead. Your pals, spirits. You, an apparition. A shade. So now you write "ghost" poems:

*walking thru minefields of my desire
my boots slosh & leak blood*
I've become my own ghost
no shadows where I run the nights
thru the taste of the blade in my throat
& the silence of the dead
I slip my fingers thru a mirror
pull out the beating heart
of a man I once knew so well
that I killed him

You sweat ghosts and offer them your cheek. They accept. Still, the "only forgiveness is the truth of a headstone." Shields keeps his doors unlocked. It's not a welcome. Nor is it a threat. You read *Book of the Dead* for the same reason you harrow hell. To come through. So you can see the shadows that live in the sun. For when it is quite, quite nothing then it is everything. Alive beyond life. Living where life was never dreamed of. Bill Shields cannot tell you what is in this new world. But he can help take you there.

Dom Salemi

Compulsive Killers

Elliot Leyton

New York University Press (1986)

In depicting the most general phases of the development of the proletariat, we traced the more or less veiled civil war, raging within existing society, up to the point where that war breaks out into open revolution . . .

This passage from the *Communist Manifesto* does not appear in Elliot Leyton's 1986 examination of multiple murder in American society, yet it forms the theoretical hinge of his attempt to elucidate the causes underlying the alarming rise in the number of apparently motiveless but highly productive killers. Leyton is no wild-eyed prophet of the worker's ascendancy, still, "veiled war" is his description of the crime in its serial and spree patterns. An anthropologist, he claims that killers such as Henry Lee Lucas and John Wayne Gacy are a social phenomenon, products of a society glorifying individualism and upward mobility—the American dream—and stigmatizing and humiliating those who fail to achieve it. And violence, celebrated in America as the ultimate form of assertion, is the logical recourse for those who have failed to advance by conventional means.

Using four serial killers (Ted Bundy, Emil Kemper, Albert "The Boston Strangler" DeSalvo, and David "Son of Sam" Berkowitz) and two spree killers (Mark Essex and Charles "Little Red" Starkweather) for in depth study, Leyton concludes that multiple murderers are primarily proletarians or petit-bourgeoisie who select their victims from the social class they strive to enter. Noting that all of the multiple killers of determinate background were apparently

would be King. And now, somewhat ironically, is for so many.

Four Books (1992)
—Dom Salemi

Requiem For A Dream

Hubert Selby, Jr.

Few write novels more sordid than Selby's. Few invest the sordid with as much compassion, poetry and terrible beauty. This relatively unheralded work traces the slow descent into madness of a trio of heroin addicts and the sexagenarian, diet-pill popping mother of their ostensible leader, a live-talking Bronx Jew named Harry Goldfarb. Selby takes great risks in choosing four cartoons—ghetto black, Jewish mother, upper-class white female, Jewish hipster—to tell his story but all are drawn with such insane fervor and attention to detail that the banal metamorphoses to the transcendent, the repulsive becomes compelling and caricature ascends to archetype. Heart-breaking too is the way Selby raises our hopes one moment only to dash them the next. He understands the delusional nature of drug addiction so well he makes his characters dreams feel like they've sprung from our subconscious, their joys and frustrations as real as anything we've ever experienced, their tragedy, somehow our own.

Thunder's Mouth Press
(1978/88)
—Dom Salemi

Incredibly Strange Music, Volume II

V Vale & Andree Juno

The first tedious installment of the series was essentially about record collecting. This

dition is about music. Music—trenchant (dis)ordered sound: knitting the raveled sleeve of care, soothing the savage beast, crying havoc and letting slip the dogs of war, creating for one a past of which one has been ignorant, engendering sorrow over sins never committed, birthing mourning over a stranger's catastrophes. Music—artistic expression, not the mindless acquisition of mass produced goods as a means of eradicating inadequacy and the terror borne of the realization one must eventually pack one's goods and yield thy parent's basement. Yes, volume two doth surprise us following us it does hard upon its monstrosity banal precursor though it must needs be admitted it's the natural and inevitable result of discourse with creative and intelligent spirits in contradistinction to that with featherbrained collectors of warped and often irredeemably defaced vinyl. So lend an ear as Jello Biafra attempts to place bar-gain bin hunting amidst the larger scheme of things. Thrill to Ken Nordine's discourse on the relationship between music and poetry, sound and sense, joyce and jazz. Shake your head in bemused wonderment at Koria Pandit's wiggy faith in the primordial power of music to move the denizens of the deep as well as inspire universal love in the higher orders. In short, a collection of largely brilliant conversations touching on everything yet concentrating on nothing.

Re/Search (1994)
—Dom Salem

Confessions of a Sex Kitten

Eartha Kitt

Another ego-maniac writes a worthless life story. And how much of this folderol are we supposed to believe?

raised in circumstances which left them feeling excluded from the social order, i.e., illegitimacy, adoption, institutionalization, or of mothers at least thrice-married, and that all later experience an internal crisis during which they determine social advancement to be an impossibility, Leyton discovers the impetus for their crimes lies in the coincidence of intense class-consciousness and the perception of failure (real or imagined) to secure class status. The killings themselves are therefore narcissistic, a kind of John Wayne-style act of revenge against the social stratum which has refused them entry. Taking this approach, Leyton is able to uniquely chart the course of multiple murder in the Western world from the fifteenth century to the present, elucidating its changing nature, i.e., who kills whom in sociological terms.

As Leyton advances this single, sociological explanation, he often stops to criticize his competitors: psychiatrists and psychologists. Psychiatry, which still retains the voodoo feel of an infant science, is, of course, a very easy target, and Leyton loses no opportunity in his case studies to ridicule its failures. Which is curious because much of his book is rooted in psychology. And even Leyton has to admit, albeit begrudgingly, that David Berkowitz may have been schizophrenic, if only because he was too stupid to have scripted his bizarre statements.

Intellectual quibbles notwithstanding, this is a very fine book. Leyton's arguments are cogent and his insights more penetrating than most of the disinterested psychobabble which comprises the bulk of murder literature. And his analyses of his subjects, except in the case of Berkowitz, are so well put together as to be beyond reproach. Readers who want nothing more than gory details will have to look hard, for they are peripheral to the task at hand. Ironically, in his search for a social explanation for motiveless killing Leyton has reached a conclusion far more ghastly than all the severed heads and mutilated genitals he unearths: that anyone rummaging for the ideal mix of attitude and circumstance necessary to produce an inordinate amount of multiple murderers need look no further than the good old U.S.A.

Slimsy, the Sioux City Squealer

The Satanic Witch—Anton Szandor LaVey
Feral House (1971/89)

The Satanic Bible—Anton Szandor LaVey
Feral House (1971/93)

The Secret Life of a Satanist—Blanche Barton
Feral House (1990/92)

Hey girls! Leading a dull, uneventful life that has you going around in circles like a dog chasing its own tail? Well the high priest of the Church of Satan is ready to put you on the path to success and happiness. And it's only going to cost you nine dollars and ninety-five cents. A relative bargain in this day and age, I'm sure you'd agree.

It's rather simple too. If you can tell time, you're almost guaranteed to wind up rich and powerful beyond your wildest dreams. Just like . . . Anton Szandor LaVey, one of the most commanding and affluent people on the planet.

Here's how it works; (and ideally it's supposed to work for men too but as you will see it does but only for male transvestites and transsexuals). LaVey has broken down homo erectus into four ideal body types a la W. H. Sheldon and concomitantly placed them at twelve, three, six and nine o'clock. You start at twelve with the most masculine "male" (wide shoulders, long torso) move to your intellectual three (narrow, stick build) and hit the ideal "woman"

at six (narrow shoulders, short torso). From there it's onto nine and the emotional type (mesomorph) before moving back to twelve. The numbers between the multiples of three are gradations on the clock. Thus, if you are, say, a ninety-seven pound weakling type and dour and humorless to boot you fall not in the three category but in the four or five position. You are also, more than likely, from what I can glean from this confusing tome, a card carrying member of Anton's little sect. Now you'll notice, I interjected a bit about the four or five o'clock personality. That's because with every body type there is a corresponding emotional trait. LaVey recognizes exceptions to his rules but generally speaking, if you like to laugh, Anton believes you should only hang out with fat people. The thinner you are the greater the tendency to worry yourself and others to death.

Alright, so what's the importance of all this? Well, if you're able to pin down where you fall on the clock, girls, you'll be able to dress, talk and act appropriately. Unless you are a redhead or your name is Ethel. It gets kind of confusing but because you're a novice I'm going to keep it simple for you.

Take my wife, Sandy por ejemplo. She's a knockout. Round hips, round bottom, big round breasts. An eight on the clock. What . . . Anton Szandor LaVey and I believe is the "ideal" woman. Sandy has a pronounced propensity for leather and dark, tight-fitting clothing. She is garrulous and opinionated.

If I read LaVey correctly—no mean feat as you will shortly see—Sandy is completely screwed up and, moreover, treading the road to disaster. (Not Hell, Satan is from Hell.) Anton wouldst have her keep her mouth shut unless compelled to speak and even then have her answer in a soft, rather high-pitched voice.

So Sandy has to keep her mouth shut unless she's on the rack where LaVey would graciously consent to let her whimper like a whipped dog. What else? Well, there's nothing else. Poor Sandy's left in the dark as to how she should dress, what vocation she should pursue, etc. LaVey offers no specific guidelines. So girls, you'll just have to figure it all out for yourselves. Just like you were trying to do before you foolishly plunked down a ten spot. Oh, I suppose you COULD join the Church of Satan and let them figure it out for you. But you'd probably have to pay a hefty consulting fee. And let eccentric, misshapen men masturbate on you while taking one of your numerous turns as Satan's naked altar.

I've focused on the eight o'clock ideal since Anton is obviously fixated on it and because it's really the only "kind" Mr. LaVey consistently utilizes as an example. But believe me, gals, it doesn't matter anyway. If you want to enchant or charm a man you are going to have to determine *his* position on the chart and then assume the antithetical one. Which makes it kind of difficult if the man is a beanpole as this means you're going to have to put on about two or three hundred pounds. Especially if this is the man you want to marry. LaVey feels to have a truly successful relationship the couple must be exact physical opposites. Unless you're a ten o'clock or higher (dominant personality). Then you'll want a ten or higher male who will naturally reject you because he wants his opposite: a four, five or six.

Thoroughly confused? Hail Satan and Confusion worse confounded! Not to worry though. Simplistic Szandor has a way out of this mess: *FORGET ABOUT ALL THIS BODY TYPE STUFF AND JUST ACT LIKE A WHORE!* Smear your lips with the reddest of lipsticks, take to wearing nylons with garters, drop a pair of three inched spiked heels on your feet and slip a short, undersized v-necked skirt over your head. Oh and don't forget your panties. Pink, the color of woman, or virginal white, please!

Now you're ready to knock any and every man on his derriere. But if he's obdurate, bend over a lot so he can study your tits and your hot wild ass.

"Upstaging" Orson Welles in a play thus causing him to storm off because he couldn't compete with Eartha's vast talent? Okay, she played Catwoman in the *Batman* tv series. So what? In a nutshell, she hates the United States, microwave ovens and television. You now know all you need to know.

Barricade Books (1993)

—Lisa Lindstrom

**The Haldeman Diaries:
Inside the Nixon White
House**

H.R. Haldeman

President Nixon, who recently was buried amidst a wellspring of praise (where the hell did that come from?), gets a more fitting memorial in the day-to-day diaries of his chief of staff and closest confidante, H.R. "Bob" Haldeman. Haldeman will be remembered, if at all, as one of the select few who actually went to jail for Watergate; he died in late 1993. With some editing help from Stephen ("D-Day") Ambrose, Haldeman tells all, from "the P" trying to train a reluctant, standoffish dog (which obviously knew more than the average American voter) to his constant heart-sounding of the Rev. Billy Graham. Yes, it's true, the big-hearted Rev. Graham is indeed partly responsible for the government-sponsored skull cracking of those long-haired bums who were out to destroy America. In the end, Haldeman takes the fall for his boss and America muddles through the seventies. A unique document, and an exhaustive and fascinating inside look at the six tumultuous years that were the Nixon presidency.

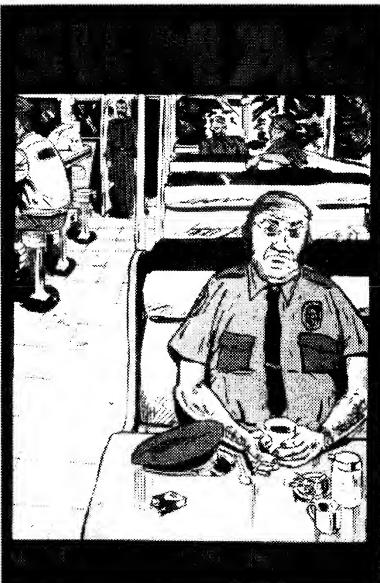
Random House (1994)

—Lisa Lindstrom

HOW MUCH TIME CAN ONE MAN KILL?

There's only
one way
to find out.
SUMAC.

The new novel
by
CHARLES NEAL.
Available
through
Bookpeople
and your favorite bookstore.
Just ask for it.



"...cheap motel rooms, convenience stores, strip shows, prison, pornography, mobile homes...
Sumac is strong meat...."

The Haw River Testimony

Anoint your cleavage with the musky scent of your feminine essence. And when sitting down opposite him, be ready to flash your pussy at a moment's notice. LaVey calls this moronic modus operandi the Law of the Forbidden. Most guys who have been around the block a few times would call it desperation.

What? Your target still won't tumble for you? Are you sure he isn't a homosexual? Have you removed all the hair from your upper lip? (Underarm hair is okay says Anton as the hirsute armpit when pressed tightly to the torso gives the appearance of a bearded clam.) Yes? Well then we'll have to pull out all the stops and resort to . . . *Bitchcraft!*

Bitchcraft: the intense scrutiny of the male of the species in order to ascertain and hopefully exploit his weaknesses for your own gain. Sound familiar? It is. An Italian guy wrote about this in a much more entertaining and penetrating fashion about four hundred years ago. His name was Machiavelli. Maybe you should read *The Prince* and just forget about becoming a satanic witch.

That's . . . what I think. But I'm a man. Your enemy. Your employer. Your exploiter. Your employer and your exploiter. Your exploiter and your . . .

Oh, sorry. Where was I? Oh yes, I was telling you woe-mens to dispense with LaVey and his guide for win-

ning friends and influencing people. Well even though I'm a MAN, I really believe you should dispense with this satanic witch stuff. Especially if you aren't particularly attractive. On this point both . . . Anton Szandor LaVey and I agree. Naturally, he doesn't tell you this until you're halfway through the book and cockeyed from trying to understand all the charts and figure out whether you're a three or a four or a three-thirty or how this witch thing is supposed to apply to men when most dresses don't come in their size and they don't have a vagina to flash anyway so why should they even worry about female clothing and so on and so forth. Those who choose to walk on the dark side must be prepared for the inevitable disappointments. Hail Satan!

Yes looks are everything to . . . Anton Szandor LaVey. So if you don't resemble Jayne Mansfield, Betty Page or Tina Louise be prepared for a lifetime of frustration, madness and failure. Be prepared also, to have the New Age bookstore refuse to refund your money although it's a dead cinch the dour, taciturn clerk working the crystal counter will be so impressed with your newfound wiles he will allow you to blow him in the storeroom during his break.

The rest of us, the non-beautiful and most of the male populace, are going to have to make do with *The Satanic Bible* I suppose. The Gospel according to . . . Anton Szandor LaVey is a rather tepid collection of mandates, invocations, rituals and practical advice. The latter, LaVey has pretentiously and portentously entitled *The Book of Lucifer* or *The Enlightenment* and is, more than likely, the only part which will be of interest to non-Satanists and the semi-curious. Surprisingly cogent and readable, *The Book of Lucifer* still fails to arouse despite its misanthropic stance, as it doesn't really tell you anything you don't already know. Great thinkers and writers let us in on things we feel to be true; not things we believe to be true. Of course, man's rapaciousness and cupidity makes it impossible for an individual to live by the Golden Rule. Naturellment, the only way to deal with temptation, is to yield to it. Oscar Wilde said as much one hundred years ago. And indulging in them will naturally result in balance. "The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom. For one can never know what is enough until you know what is more than enough." That is William Blake writing almost two hundred years B.A. (Before Anton). Certainly you can't and won't succeed unless you believe in yourself. Goethe, philosophizing in the Eighteenth Century: "Whatever you can do or dream you can, begin it. In boldness there is a certain genius, power and magic."

Magic. Goethe spelled it with a 'c.' Not a 'k.' Goethe, Blake, Wilde. They were all poets. Which . . . Anton Szandor LaVey most assuredly is not. Ask yourself why. The answer has something to do with selfishness and materialism. Empathy is the breeding ground for art and philosophy. Contempt begets contempt. And that is all.

Blanche Barton's risible hagiography is so ridiculously fawning it almost makes for great comic reading. Hold that

thought. Comic is the wrong word for an autobiography postulating nothing less than the coming of the Messiah. You think I'm being a bit harsh? Just listen to brass Blanche giving the skinny on the founding of the Church Of Satan:

There were little things at first—when he was running late, parking places fortuitously appearing in front of crowded theaters where none should have been, rare books or other items he had recently been coveting suddenly falling into his hands through strange circumstances, people appearing who Anton had just been thinking abouts [sic]—as if they had been summoned. Could there be such an increase in "happy coincidence" or was there more going on than was readily apparent? When Anton applied expanded formulas to the Magic Circle rituals and began achieving precise and desired effects—professional advances, unexpected rewards, monetary gain, sexual or romantic satisfaction, the elimination of certain enemies—it was apparent to everyone involved that Anton had indeed tapped into that mysterious force of Nature.

Hail Satan! Truly the man is a God. Don't even think about asking why a God would need to write a book or authorize a biography; just revel in the many wonderful stories and anecdotes Ms. Barton has compiled chronicling the ascension of Mr. LaVey to the throne of All-Being: Master of Time, Space & Reality. Truly a master, for whatever Anton attempts, he masters. There is not a musical instrument he has placed in his perfectly symmetrical digits that did not yield its secrets. Save perhaps the oboe since Anton only ascended to the position of second tier with the San Francisco Symphony. Photography? LaVey was quickly hired by the San Fran police department and even more quickly surpassed legends of the lens like Weegee and Diane Arbus. Although LaVey won many awards while toiling for the coppers, he quickly grew bored with this "limited" medium. Interestingly, there is no record of LaVey ever having worked for the Frisco hawkshaws and no specifics given as to where and when photog blue ribbons were bestowed. Never mind that. It's a conspiracy. No self-respecting bureaucracy or committee is going to admit to having employed . . . Anton Szandor LaVey.

Now to look at the ominously hircine Black Pope, one might not conclude that women, pulchritudinous women on the order of Jayne Mansfield and Marilyn Monroe, could ever find him irresistible. But they did. And they still do. But then how can any hot-blooded female resist a hypnotist with the powers of Cagliostro and the penis of Johnny Wadd?

This priapic pagan though is more, much more, than a luciferian libertine. It would be wise to steer clear of Anton and not incur his wrath. For he can, if he so desires, put a bullet in your head from as far off as two hundred feet. Then there's his mastery with the bull-whip and the martial arts and . . . everything. Bounding Belial! The man admits to killing celebrities like the aforementioned Mansfield merely by casting a spell. And when he got tired of

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the "psychedelic vermin"—hippies to you and me—Anton worked one of his most malevolent and malicious conjurations and unleashed Charles Manson on the world. That's very impressive. Very impressive indeed. Still, you have to wonder why a God with LaVey's incredible powers and ego hasn't turned Himself into someone who looks like a young Marlon Brando. Or made Himself seven feet tall.

Much of *Secret Life* is given over to LaVey rants and as rants go they're pretty interesting. Anton is obviously no dummy and he has some disquieting and provocative things to say. And he "appears" to have lived a very unusual life. Barton, though, does her subject a disservice by poorly organizing her material and writing in a pedestrian style devoid of humor and insight. Late in the book, the author makes an apology of sorts, implying the work necessarily took the shape it did because of LaVey's almost pathological desire for secrecy; the need to keep himself cloaked in mystery. A point well taken, but one which still doesn't excuse the absence of spellbinding prose and mesmerizing anecdote. Especially in an "authorized" biography of the "evilest man in the world." The definitive life remains to be written and if it ever is it appears it will have to be penned by the imp of the perverse, the lord of the lies, Satan's shadiest sadist . . . Anton Szandor LaVey.

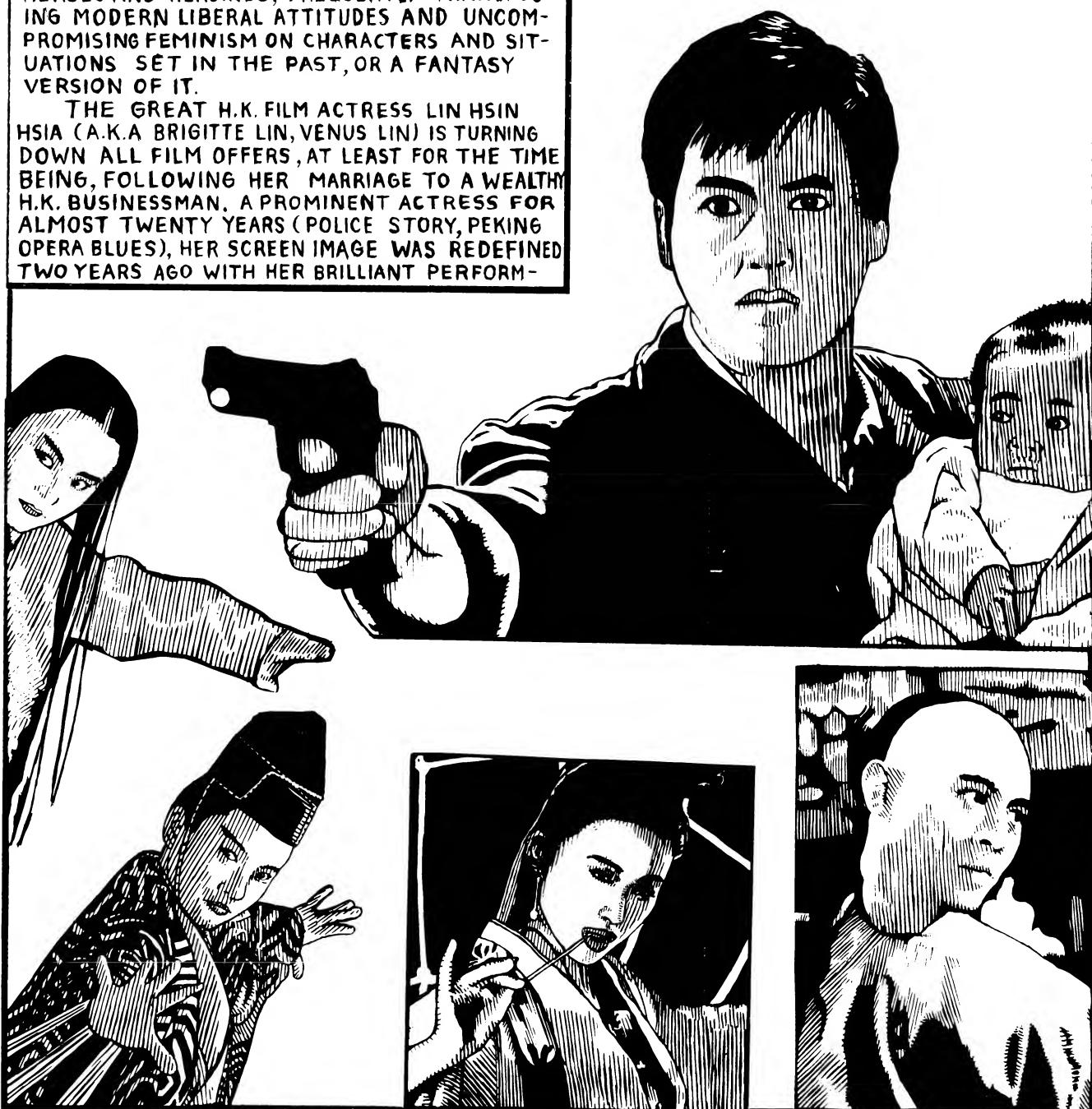
Dom Salemi

HONG KONG MOVIES

HONG KONG MOVIES ARE MADE UNDER GREAT PRESSURE BY ENORMOUSLY DRIVEN AND GIFTED PEOPLE, EACH ONE COMPETING FOR THEIR SHARE OF A HIGHLY COMPRESSED URBAN AUDIENCE. PULLING IN POP AND HIGH CULTURE IDEAS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD, THE MOVIES ENTERTAIN WITH FEVERISH INVENTION. REMODELLING ANCIENT CHINESE IDEALS OF HEROISM, FILMMAKERS SUCH AS TSUI HARK HAVE CREATED A DYNAMIC PANTHEON OF MYTHIC HEROES AND HEROINES, FREQUENTLY TRANSPORTING MODERN LIBERAL ATTITUDES AND UNCOMPROMISING FEMINISM ON CHARACTERS AND SITUATIONS SET IN THE PAST, OR A FANTASY VERSION OF IT.

THE GREAT H.K. FILM ACTRESS LIN HSIN HSIA (A.K.A BRIGITTE LIN, VENUS LIN) IS TURNING DOWN ALL FILM OFFERS, AT LEAST FOR THE TIME BEING, FOLLOWING HER MARRIAGE TO A WEALTHY H.K. BUSINESSMAN. A PROMINENT ACTRESS FOR ALMOST TWENTY YEARS (POLICE STORY, PEKING OPERA BLUES), HER SCREEN IMAGE WAS REDEFINED TWO YEARS AGO WITH HER BRILLIANT PERFORM-

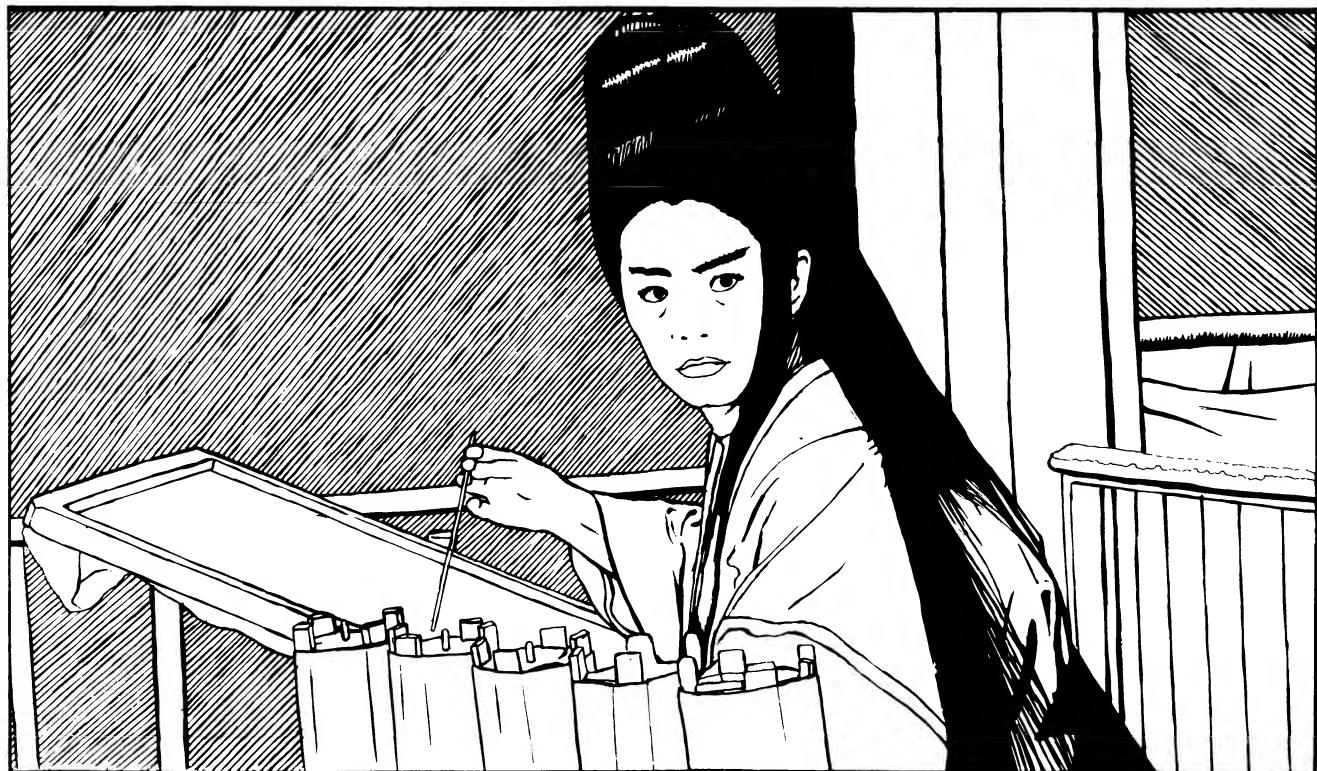
ANCE IN SWORDSMAN II, PRODUCED BY HARK AND DIRECTED BY CHING SIU TUNG. LIN PLAYED ASIA THE INVINCIBLE, A MAN WHO, IN ORDER TO GAIN SUPERNATURAL POWERS, HAS CASTRATED HIMSELF AND IS SLOWLY TURNING INTO A WOMAN AS THE FILM OPENS. NOMINALLY THE FILM'S VILLAIN, ASIA IS SUCH A FASCINATING AND SYMPATHETIC CHARACTER THAT THE SEQUEL (THE EAST IS





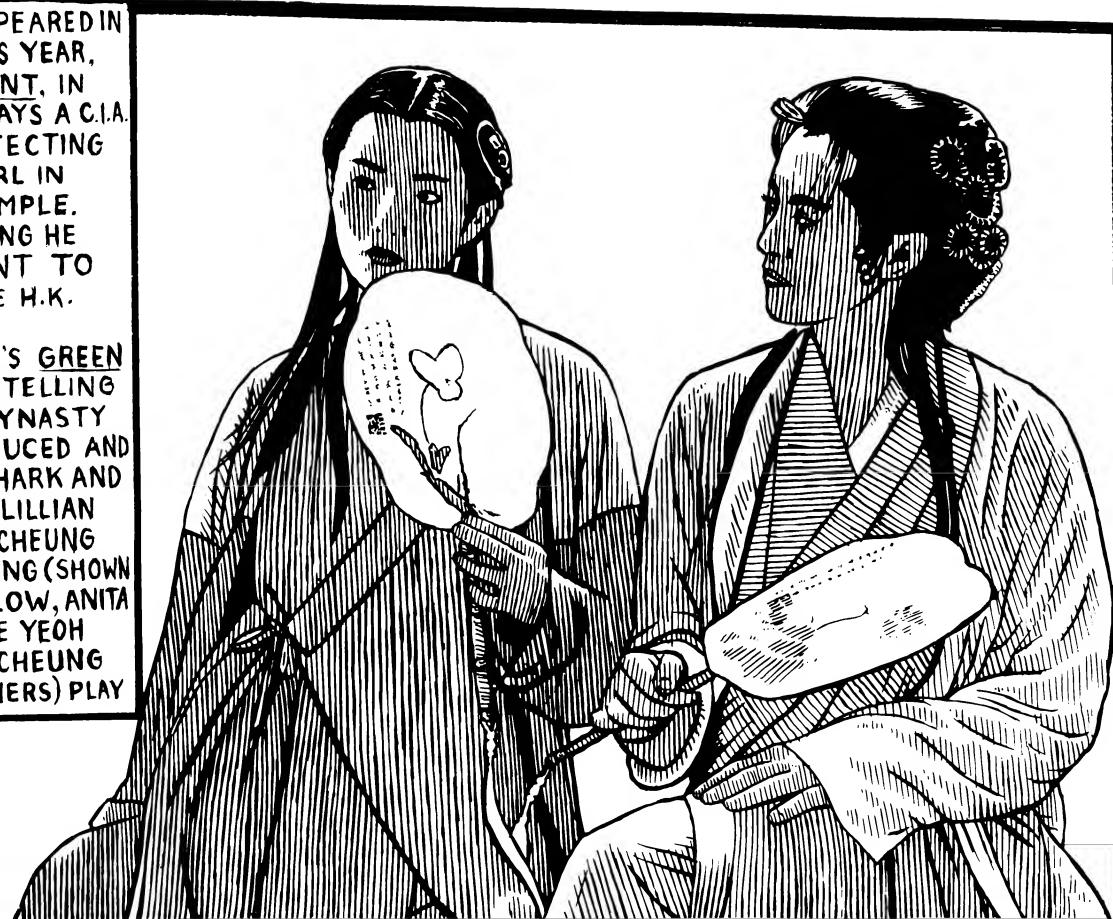
(RED) FOLLOWED HER INSTEAD OF THE HERO OF THE FIRST TWO FILMS. ALSO IN 1992, SHE PLAYED SIMILARLY SUPERPOWERED CHARACTERS IN HANDSOME SIBLINGS AND DRAGON INN, THE LATTER ANOTHER BRILLIANT TSUI HARK PRODUCTION, DIRECTED BY RAYMOND LEE AND CHING SIU TUNG. THEN, WITH 1993 CAME THE EAST IS RED, THE BRIDE WITH WHITE HAIR, THE BRIDE WITH WHITE HAIR II, THE EAGLE SHOOTING HEROES, BLACK PANTHER WARRIORS, AND BOYS ARE EASY(!); THIS YEAR, SEMI-GODS AND SEMI-DEVILS, FIRE DRAGON, DEVIL MELODY, AND AT LEAST TWO AS YET UNRELEASED MOVIES. THAT'S HER ABOVE, FIGHTING AN EVIL EUNUCH OF THE EAST CHAMBER IN DRAGON INN, AND BELOW, AS ASIA THE INVINCIBLE IN SWORDSMAN II. SHE WILL BE MISSED.

MOVIE IDOL CHOW YUN FAT, WHO ROSE TO SUPERSTARDOM IN TSUI HARK-PRODUCED JOHN WOO



FILMS, HAS APPEARED IN ONE FILM THIS YEAR, TREASURE HUNT, IN WHICH HE PLAYS A C.I.A. AGENT PROTECTING A PSYCHIC GIRL IN SHAOLIN TEMPLE. NOW HE'S SAYING HE DOESN'T WANT TO DO ANYMORE H.K. MOVIES.

TSUI HARK'S GREEN SNAKE IS A RETELLING OF A SUNG DYNASTY FABLE, PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY HARK AND SCRIPTED BY LILLIAN LEE. MAGGIE CHEUNG AND JOEY WONG (SHOWN AT RIGHT; BELOW, ANITA MUI, MICHELLE YEOH AND MAGGIE CHEUNG IN EXECUTIONERS) PLAY



GIANT MAGIC SNAKES WHO USE SORCERY TO MASQUERADE AS HUMANS. THE FILM IS STUNNING, YET H.K. AUDIENCES STAYED AWAY IN DROVES.

IN FACT MANY OF HARK'S RECENT PRODUCTIONS (THE MAGIC CRANE, ONCE UPON A TIME IN CHINA III AND IV) HAVE DONE POORLY AT THE BOX OFFICE. ONE REASON MAY BE THE RISE OF FELLOW WORKAHOLIC PRODUCER-DIRECTOR-WRITER-ACTOR WONG JING. MANY OF HIS RECENT FILMS (ROYAL TRAMP I AND II, HOLY WEAPON, LAST HERO IN CHINA, FLYING DAGGER, KUNG FU CULT MASTER, NEW LEGENDS OF SHAOLIN) ARE SIMILAR TO HARK'S, BUT WITH GLIB, ANARCHIC COMEDY REPLACING HARK'S SERIOUSNESS. SOON APPEARING IN THEATERS: ONCE UPON A TIME IN CHINA V, PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY TSUI HARK.

MICHELLE YEOH IS A FORMER MISS MALAYSIA AND DANCER WHO HAS BECOME ONE OF HONG KONG'S TOP ACTION STARS. (SUPERCOP, PROJECT S, HEROIC TRIO, EXECUTIONERS, TAI CHI MASTER). HER LATEST FILM IS WONDER 7, DIRECTED BY CHING SIU TUNG.

SHOWN BELOW: JOEY WONG. AS A FAKE ASIA THE INVINCIBLE IN THE EAST IS RED. WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL KUPPERMAN (P. REVESS). MY THANKS TO BARRY LONG





Full Contact



(d) Ringo Lam (1992)

Ringo Lam's exciting and remarkably stylish tale of betrayal and revenge raises many interesting questions in the course of its nearly two hour running time. Such as: is fear a relevant factor in making an ethical decision? is kinship more important than friendship? can betrayal ever be redeemed?

Since Lam as well as anyone with a brain larger than an acorn knows the answer to all of the above is "no," these weighty issues aren't probed too deeply. Besides, Ringo has more important things to worry about. Like all the buildings he has to blow up and the people he has to riddle with bullets. Not to mention the fleet of cars which have to be mashed, and the vicious fights which have to be staged. Philosophy versus pyrotechnics? Epistemology rolling up it's sleeves against exploitation? No contest.

Chow Yun-Fat stars as Jeff a small time thief (but heaven with a gun, stiletto, hands or feet) who runs afoul of Chung, a Thailand mob boss when he rescues an old friend from the aforementioned's nefarious clutches. Seems the amigo, whose name is Sam, owes \$300,000 and has no way of paying it back. In obviously desperate straits, Sam asks Jeff to hook up on a caper with his cousin Judge back in Hong Kong so that both Sam and Jeff can amass enough cash to assuage the injured feelings of the chintzy Chung. Jeff, realizing his life ain't worth a plugged nickel unless he scores the money for Sam, agrees, only to back out when he discovers Judge (Simon Yam) to be a homicidal homosexual.

Very quickly, *Full Contact* begins to tread surreal waters. I mean get this: one of Prince's two underlings is a muscular-idiot-sadist named Deano and the other, Virgin, is a foul-mouthed nymphomaniac with masochistic tendencies and absolutely no conception of loyalty. Or reality. You get the picture: she's crazier than a shithouse rat. And she's married to Deano. So what does that tell you about him?

Despite his understandably severe misgivings, Jeff allows himself to be convinced. Well, that's really not quite right, Jeff's on the run and has little choice. Judge adjudges this too and so we get to watch and wait in morbid anticipation as the set-up is allowed by all concerned to go down. Which director Lam exploits quite nicely, building and deflating our expectations until we're ready to scream from anxiety.

Alright, so it's a set-up and after a great chase and fight between Jeff and Judge (with Jeff's brother getting wasted in the process) the latter gets the drop on the former, forces him into a stranger's house and sends Sam in to finish him off. Following all this so far? I didn't think so. Anyway, Sam, delirious with fear and revulsion, empties his gun in Jeff's general direction and staggers out of the dwelling. Judge and his gang put a wrap on things by blowing up the house.

Naturally Jeff survives and this sets up all manner of plot twists and turns raising many of those ponderous conundrums I mentioned at the beginning of this piece in the process. And while the story is kind of complicated, the plotting isn't, it's fairly linear, and moreover, all of the characters are sharply, albeit broadly, drawn. If there's a weakness to *Full Contact* it's in Lam's *mise en scène*; he has a nervous, choppy style and relies far too much on close-ups. During many of the imbroglios, I found myself longing for the camera to pull back. Even to medium close. Just so I could see exactly what the hell was going on. Still, *Full Contact* looks beautiful, is smartly paced and contains evocatively mannered performances from the leads.

And even if it wasn't I'd watch it just because Mr. Fat was in it. Listen. Chow Yun-Fat is the quintessence of cool, daddy. No one takes a trimming or a bullet like this guy. And no one looks better with a gun in his hand. Or a cigarette dangling from his lip. Whether wandering down mean streets or strolling through the park, this is one remarkably charismatic hipster I'd follow through a door, any door, except the one to his bedroom.

Dom Salemi



One Nation Under God

(d) Peodoro Manaci & Francine M. Rzenik (1993)

You're an average American male. Fairly attractive. Fairly normal. You can still remember, before settling into the marginally satisfying state known as monogamy, how much you enjoyed dating women. Lots of women. Of varying shapes, sizes and intellects. You weren't too picky. In fact, there was a time when you were getting so much of the sweet stuff your face looked like a glazed doughnut. Even now, despite your marital status, you find yourself unable to stop from looking. Looking and dreaming.

Now, how would you like to be cured of this affliction? Oh yes, this day dreaming of strange poon is an illness; yet it can be cured with just a couple of hundred hours of electro-shock. Or a few years of intense prayer accompanied by daily Christian counseling. By the time the psychiatrists are through with you, you'll never even think about making love to women, not even your wife.

Sounds kind of sick, don't it? And you're probably asking, somewhat indignantly, I hope, "Why the hell should I change? There's nothing wrong with me. I'm just your typical male. And a pretty decent human being to boot."

Exactly! You are a splendid fellow and because you are, no one has the right to ask you to change when you're essentially minding your own business and letting others do their thing. Naturally, one should be open to spiritual and

mental growth, but when we're talking personal transformation the question is, and always should be: Will this alteration make me less or more of an asshole than I already am?

Modifying your hair color does not make you a better person. Adjusting your dress may result in a cooler look but that is all. Who "looked" more suave and manly in their audaciously predatory uniforms than the Nazi SS? Who were bigger jerk-offs?

Do you see what I'm getting at here? Following the same remorseless line of logic we can readily conclude that if you're a homo sapien your preference for hairy nuts or a juicy peeled plum has absolutely nothing to do with the question of whether you are good and evil. Capeche?

A lot of people don't see it this way. Fascist politicians and religious zealots, especially Born-Again Christians, believe homosexuality to be a priori evil. For these twisted things, the only relevant question is: Does the sinner have the strength to reform, to abandon this abominable practice?

A moronic query to be sure and the makers of this intriguing gay rights documentary milk it for all it's worth. Actually, *One Nation Under God* is more than a documentary. Much more. It's a plea for understanding. And most of it is hysterically funny despite the sad truths the filmmakers take such great pains to elucidate.

Sad truths: the crap homosexuals have had to put up with for so long. The AMA telling us "there are no such things as happy homosexuals." The psychiatric industry stigmatizing same sex orientations as a "mental illness" born of a detached father and an over protective mother" and attempting to cure the "disease" with Pavlovian techniques, psychotropic drugs and electro-shock. Religious leaders exhorting their flocks to pray for sodomites to embrace God and the biological fact of man's innate heterosexuality.

I'm speaking in the past tense, as if the hard times for gays are over. They're not. Much of *One Nation* focuses on the problems the homosexual community is still experiencing with the unenlightened. Many of whom work and support groups like Exodus International, a reactionary christian outfit which believes gays can be taught to change their evil ways. Never mind that most "ex-gays" become "former ex-gays" and that the Bible-thumpers' scriptural supports are blatant mistranslations of the original Greek. Homosexuality is a sin as the sex practiced in this unholy union does not, and can never, result in procreation. God, you see, wants us to fornicate only for the express purpose of creating wee-ones.

Wobbly, wobbly thinking. Perambulating along this road of "thought" we discover many guileless, heterosexual innocents: menopausal and ovarianless women, unmarried heteros, married heteros, infertile men. Damned, one and all for daring to have sex just for fun. Or merely to express love.

Let me ask you something: If playing with an ass is a sin, then why did the Almighty make the anus the most sensitive part of the human body? So the act of defecating would be the most pleasurable sensation man could experience? And the prostate, which is almost as sensitive as the anal aperture, why is it so easy to reach? Girls, I'm not forgetting you. God had to have something other than procreation in mind when he put the clitoris where he did. Wouldn't Yahweh have placed that luscious ruby red knob on the walls of the vagina if His sole concern was making babies?

Here's something else to think about. Maybe, just maybe, God created homosexuals as a way of controlling the population. We have too many people on the planet as it is. If everyone was rutting like weasels in an effort to pump out babies we would have run out of space a long time ago. And probably gone collectively mad and blown up the planet to boot.

As *One Nation* unspools, irony begins to o'er top irony. We discover that the two male founders of Exodus International have to resign because they fell in love with one another. (They are now involved with gay pride groups.) Christian psychiatrists can't be made to see the illogic in "loving thy neighbor as thyself" and "rejecting" homosexuals. Legislators claim to be upholding the Constitution and its equal rights guarantees when they refuse to enact laws legalizing same-sex marriages. The president of Exodus, a man, is more female than male; its chief psychiatrist, a woman, is more male than female. Much of the language employed by "democratic" politicians condemning homosexuals eerily recalls that of the Nazis half a century earlier. And so on.

The horror . . . The horror. So horrible you have to laugh. Just to keep from crying. Or screaming in rage. It's the only way to come through. Listen to your heart and keep at it while trying to maintain your sense of humor; that's the message underlying all of this. And this message is not just a gay thing. So you can, if you really want to, understand.

Dom Salemi



House Of Dreams

Andrew Blake (1990)

Let's be honest: Those of us who staunchly defend First Amendment rights are pretty good at keeping a straight face. For example, Censorship Target A, a photographer busted for obscenity, bemoans this suppression of his work. And, although we're fully aware Target A doesn't know Man Ray from an X-ray and is taking "dirty pictures" for the sole purpose of making money, we don't even blink when he declares his product "art."

I'm certainly not suggesting Target A should be persecuted nor that we fail to support anyone who is being denied his constitutional rights. Such solidarity prevents oppressors from taking the "divide and conquer" tact. Nonetheless, the general definition of art involves doing something "creative" that appeals to the senses. And how much creativity goes into pointing a Nikon at a couple in a Motel Six room?

Many in the adult video and film industry will be the first to admit their prime objective is to sexually arouse—which, in all fairness, is exactly what their customers demand—not to produce a work of art. Highbrows may sniff that no porn is artistic. They apparently have not seen the work of Andrew Blake. Blake is to the standard smut shooter what Helmut Newton is to Target A.

I've selected *House Of Dreams* to illustrate Blake's artistry because it is a landmark in several ways. It was the first offering to receive an AAAA (the maximum) rating in the *Adult Video News*, the industry's most respected barometer. Said the AVN reviewer, "A must-stock film, or just close your adult section." Quite a compliment considering the AVN staff sees thousands of tapes per year.

Secondly, even though Blake had directed previous titles, this is the one that put him on the adult map for good. In a sense, *Dreams* is his 2001, a visual masterwork that was/is the technical antithesis of the genre's standard fare. And it may just be the most aesthetically stunning erotic film ever lensed.

The casting of Zara Whites in the lead was inspired. No bleached blonde with a surgically inflated chest is Ms. Whites. Zara is nothing short of gorgeous: a lovely face set off by large, expressive eyes and framed with long brown hair; a petite, perfectly symmetrical body, every inch a curve. Picture a shorter, randier Uma Thurman and you won't be far off.

Blake's premise—besides directing he also co-wrote, edited and photographed—is not especially original: Zara lies along in bed, having a series of sex dreams. But the similarity between *Dreams* and any other skin pic ends there. And there's a simple reason for that. Blake knows production design.

Given the premise, a journeyman would likely cut from one scene to the next, using basic lighting and sets. That's the formula—one which Blake tosses directly out the window. How many others would make a film—adult or otherwise—in which the only spoken words are the occasional (as in one line about every four minutes) lust utterings of its lone star?

Zara leaves her prone body via double exposure to enter her dream world where she watches and sometimes participates in seven hetero, lesbian and solo acts, each taking place in a surreal setting. In one scenario, she witnesses a couple in action, the entire scene lit with black light and dressed with day-glo details. In another, Zara is in darkness, the sole source of illumination a single, long fluores-

cent light tube with which she masturbates. As a second and later third girl seamlessly join her for a Sapphic tryst, additional tubes come into play. The effect is striking. For scene six, Zara holds up a shard of broken mirror, the glass reflecting on a twosome in a solid with room with white furnishings.

Blake obviously appreciates the unequaled beauty of the human form. His principles are naked ninety-five percent of the eighty minute running time; and he's taken great care to position his camera and actors in a way that maximizes the eroticism of each shot. Techniques such as dissolves, fades and slow motion further enhance the eye appeal. Cinematography is lush, colorful, the scenes crystal clear without ever lapsing into the clinical. In essence, there is not a single "unprofessional" aspect to the entire project.

With the possible exception of *Rinse Dream* (famed for *Cafe Flesh* with a young Michelle Bauer) and *Henry Paris*, there is no one in the same league as Blake when it comes to presenting erotica in spectacular, otherworldly settings. If you think all adult films are mindless dialogue, five positions and "wet shots," knocked off in one day with less thought going into them than selecting a lunch entree, think again. Or if you are searching for an adult feature to view with a partner who might be turned off by the more graphically hardcore, *House Of Dreams* is an excellent choice.

For those who prefer to purchase, Blake presents yet another innovation. He's packaged his *Night Trips*, *Secrets*, *Night Trips II* and *House Of Dreams*—billed as "the four best-selling adult feature films of all time"—together on one six-hour tape. Vid store renters curious about Blake's more recent efforts should take home *Hidden Obsessions*, last year's top seller and number three rental among adult titles.

Andrew Blake's work is truly art . . . and I feel no need to suppress a wink while writing that. I'm sure you'll agree after giving the man a chance and screening one of his features.

Robin Kreighdles



The Raven

(d) Louis Friedlander (1935)

Long acclaimed a classic, *The Raven*, unlike its companion piece and precursor, *The Black Cat*, is anything but. In fact, this Universal Studios' production, thanks to the magisterially hammy performance of Bela Lugosi, the feckless helmsmanship of Friedlander, sophomoric art-direction and laughably contrived screenplay, is little more than junk. But magnificent junk.



Boris Karloff in *The Raven*

Although second billed to Karloff, Lugosi gets most of the lines here as Dr. Richard Vollin, a "brilliant" retired surgeon. Vollin lives in a spacious but spooky mansion where he apparently does little else but read and memorize the works of "dat cheanius" Edgar Allan Poe. This is supposed to be a clue that Lugosi is some sort of madman. And, come to think of it, only a lunatic would give his life to the study of Poe. Shakespeare or even Swinburne I could understand. But a steady diet of nothing but Poe? C'mon, aside from a dozen or so great stories and a handful of histrionic poems what have you got that's worth burning the midnight oil over?

In any case, Vollin is called out of retirement (but not before we are treated to an unbelievably bad recitation of "The Raven" with Lugosi spitting out the lines like a man in the throes of a grand mal seizure) when Jean, a beautiful and wealthy young dancer (the dizzyingly curvaceous Irene Ware) is paralyzed and left at Death's door as a result of failing to finesse a curve on a hazardous mountain road. Our mad Doctor cures Jean yet finds himself becoming even madder after falling head over heels for the luscious lass. Naturally, Jean doesn't help things by practically swooning every time the now quite volatile Vollin looks her way or in coquettishly pronouncing him a God. "Jes, bud da God wid da taint of humin ehmozens!" is Lugosi/Vollin's mush-mouthed riposte.

Things go from bad to worse when Jean, by way of thanking Vollin, performs this ludicrous interpretive dance



Wigging out in *Teenage Mother*

of, you guessed it, Poe's "Raven." Against a backdrop consisting of little more than an oversized window framing a storm-wrecked oak, Jean does this Fey Isadora Duncan bit dressed like an art-deco bat. Intercut to Vollin sweating and smiling demonically. Clearly he is overcome with "eh-mozens."

In her dressing room after the performance, Jean vouchsafes to receive Vollin coyly asking him whether he enjoyed her "little gift." Vollin, eyes gleaming like giant headlights, murmurs dazedly, "Whom da anchels call Lenore!" Mad, I say. Mad as a March hatter.

Unbeknownst to Vollin, Jean's father has espied his growing fascination with her and now moves to put the kabosh on the whole deal. Vollin, in a fit of high dudgeon, swears to avenge himself by torturing to death everyone he knows—I just said he was mad didn't I?—in his super secret torture chamber.

If you're going to kill everyone you know, you're going to need help. Enter Karloff as Bateman, an escaped con on the lam. Karloff wants Vollin to perform a little plastic surgery. "Dizzen blastik sejury bud dere iz a vey." Vollin responds in his most imperious mysterious manner. Boris shrugs, lays down fully clothed on the operating table and lets the Doc go to work on him.

Vollin's "vey" is to cut the nerves at the side of Bateman's neck—you know Vollin's a master surgeon when he can reach the lower throat even though his patient is wearing an overcoat—which control the facial muscles so that the right side of Boris' face slides down into his chin. Vollin's rationale for doing this has something to do with ugly does as ugly is. Don't ask me to explain. How many times do I have to tell you Lugosi/Vollin is crazy?

Eventually, things work out just fine. Not before we're treated to swinging, razor-sharp descending pendulums, shrinking rooms, gunplay and, most frightening of all, a lecture on the brilliance of Poe by Vollin: "A cheanis and

like moz cheanisuses, he hat da insistent will to do someding bik. Budt he vell in luff!"

Mmmmm, Lugosi assaying the part of a poetic genius driven mad by unrequited love. Can you think of anyone more unfit for such a turn? Can you think of anyone you'd rather watch misinterpreting the part? Neither poet nor genius, Bela nevertheless gives it everything he's got, rolling his r's like a drunken Frenchman, abruptly bottling up his gerunds with harsh k's, ostentatiously arching his ample eyebrows, turning every movement into a double take. This mad Hungarian isn't just playing to the last row, he's performing for the man in the bar across the street from the theatre. Needless to say, Lugosi's monumental floridity practically wipes the top-billed Karloff off the screen. Almost. It's tough to ignore someone sporting make-up which appears to be a mixture of scrambled eggs and ping-pong balls. Kudos to FX-maven Jack "Frankenstein" Pierce for getting into the spirit of things and designing a ghoul as garish and moronic as Lugosi's pyrotechnics. And raise your glasses high to the scriptwriters for stuffing their convoluted and pointless Poe "adaptation" with unforgettable lines on the order of "Death is my talisman" and "You're more than a man. You're a God!" Hard to believe this is the film which caused the British Board of Film Censors to eventually ban all American horror flicks. Still, the British are proud of their dramatic tradition and having impressionable minds watching Bela could, I suppose, eventually have wrecked havoc with it.

Dom Salemi



Teenage Mother

(d) Jerry Gross (1966)

Oh those luscious, horny bad-girls. They want to go all the way. All the way baby. And without protection. For you or for them. Bad-girls want it hard and unsheathed. That's because you're going places and they're not, daddy-o. You're the ticket out, never forget that. That's why whenever you're alone, she cuddles up, moves her sweet-smelling, soft hands to the danger zone and starts to whisper things. Unspeakable things. Things in baby talk. Things that make it impossible to resist. Things like "I want to feel you inside me" or in the case of Tony and Arlene of *Teenage Bad Girl*, "Show me. Show me how much you love me."

Arlene has the hot, wild ass of a jungle animal, red red hair tempestuously piled atop her tiny tiny head and a wet pouty look plastered on her garishly made-up face. With her leather skirts, go-go boots and tight low-cut sweaters, Arlene ain't asking for the low hard one; she's demanding it.

The boyfriend, Tony, tries his manly best to resist. Like all men, he has a future. With Tony, it's a big big future;

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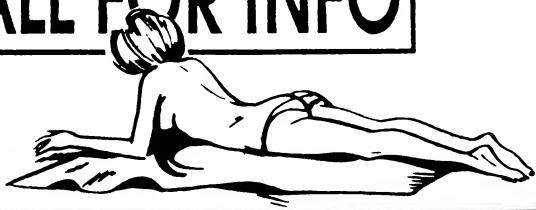
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he's going to be a doctor. So he really doesn't have time for girls. Maybe after he finishes medical school he'll get married. Then there'll be opportunities for sex. Maybe. But until then, there's baseball and the coach and after school dances with lumbering white boys and pasty faced, badly dressed girlchicks and drag races in a white convertible mustang. Arlene? Well Arlene doesn't really fit into the picture. Besides, she's kind of dumb and she seems strangely drawn to Duke Marquel the local dope and French postcard pusher. That's right. Duke Marquel all-around bad guy. Why would a girl want to hang out with him? Unless she was a bad-girl!

When a languid Swedish sex education teacher is installed at the high school and Tony flips for her, Arlene decides it's time to put a leash on her man-child. By telling him she's pregnant. Sure it's a lie but a dumb bird like Arlene doesn't have much choice. When you're not even sure "how" girls can get pregnant you've got to hold on to a go-getter like Tony any way you can.

Yes, she lies. And now you're shaking your head and telling yourself "what's the difference" and then "what the fuck" and so you keep doing just that because you feel lonely and lost and trapped and scared as hell and then she really is pregnant and you are lost and she has won. And you can't go to your parents or friends. What can they do for you? Tell you what you already know is com-

ing down? That you're a loser and you're going to have to give up all dreams of a better life? No college. No home in the suburbs with the two car garage and the week end barbecues and occasionally, if you've been good, a little poker with the boys on a week night. No life. No nothing. No way out. Chained to a feeble-minded moron who has no more right to raise a kid then you have to beat her brains out. Try to get the dope to see the light and she cries asking you in the most piteous tones "Don't you want our baby?" and "If you loved me like you said you did when you wanted to put it in you wouldn't be asking me to get an abortion." And what, finally, can you say to that? Nothing. You can only pray for a motherfucking miracle.

Arlene runs away with ten dollars borrowed from her thirty-year old "teenage" girlfriend. She doesn't get far, hooking up with the vicious Duke at a truck stop. He takes her to a drive-in and tries to rape her in front of his "friends." Tony saves the day and takes Arlene back to school where in the interim Arlene's father has called a town meeting in order to have the Swedish sex instructor fired for giving his daughter the wrong ideas. Arlene confesses, her father apologizes as all men must, we all get to watch a real, honest-to-God baby birth documentary and Tony escapes. For now.

Dom Salemi

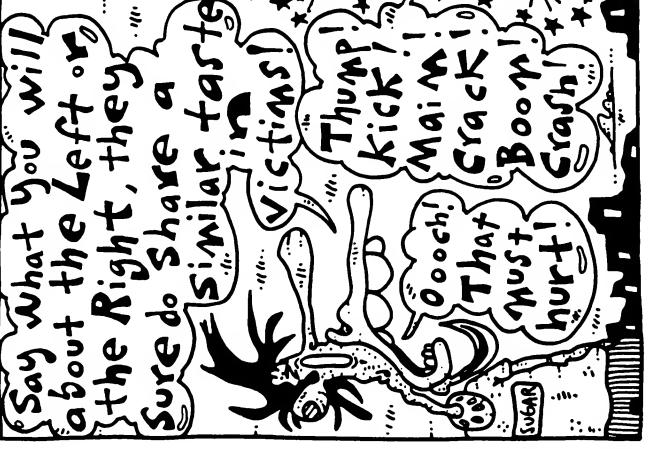
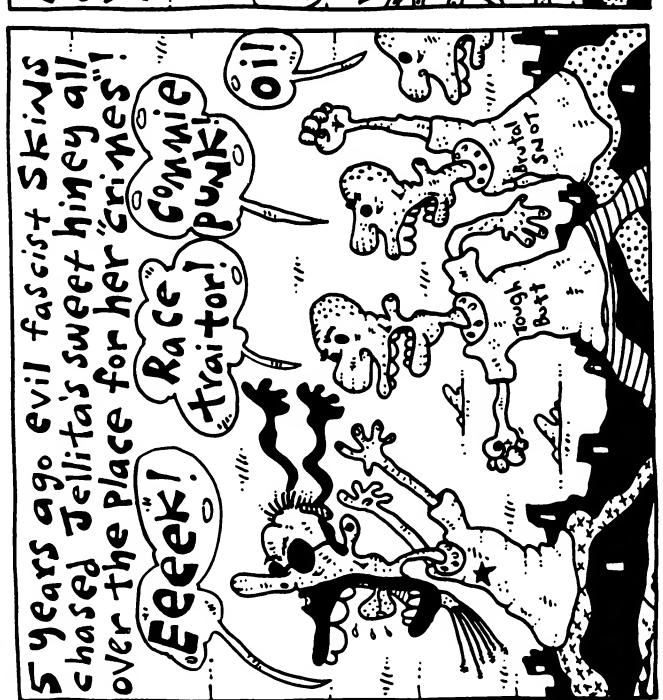
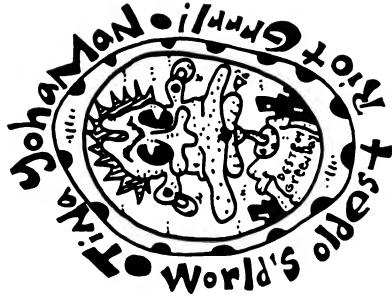
A soap opera so compelling, so fraught with the Great Issues of our times, so full of well-shit, that it has captured the imaginations of dozens! Yes, it's time to once again examine that truly epic struggle to see who will be

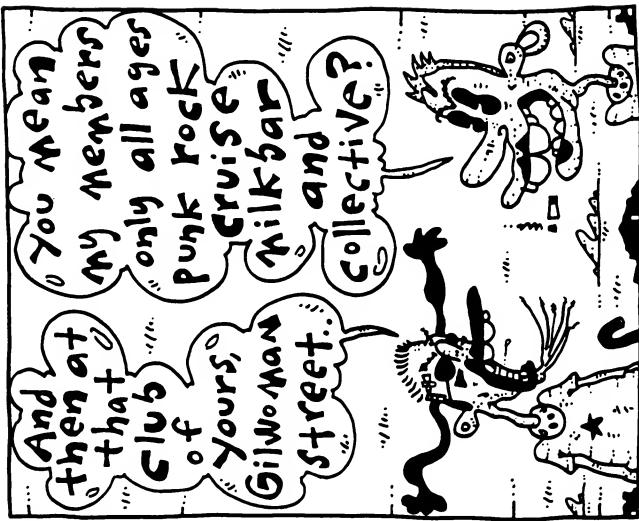
Queen of the Scene!

Starring:



Also Starring:





Ozzy Fide's Six Pack THEATER



For those of you who sent cards after reading about my automobile mishap in the last issue, Ozzy wishes to express his heartfelt thanks. Those of you who did not, can go fuck yourselves. In any case, not to worry; shortly after mangling the cherry red '65 LeMans, Mr. Fide was able to purchase an enhanced 326 cobalt blue '66 LeMans (Tempest actually). And it was quite a bargain, the owner having lovingly worked on it for several years sinking over ten thousand dollars on the engine alone in the process. So this thing is loaded—holly carb, edlebrock headers, craiger mags, blah blah blah—with all kinds of tachs and gizmos which Ozzy has no idea how to read. Like I care. Read, schmead, you know what I mean? What matters, is that the new Brutmobile goes from zero to sixty in about five seconds, sounds like a monster and handles beautifully. In short, a kind of wow, kind of now car for the founding father of Brutarianism.

Now, no sooner did Ozzy solve his car crisis then the owners of the revered Benji's Drive-In began to have problems of their own. The brutal winter having severely cut into their profits, the possessors of the largest screen on the east coast began to show nothing but family features in an effort to recoup their losses. Suddenly, Mr. Six Pack Theater had nowhere to go to watch movies. Unless he wanted to be subjected to double bills like *Beethoven's Second* and *The Flintstones*. Then, as if in answer to a prayer, the local Irish dive down the street from the palatial Brutarian estate changed owners and voila, Club Foraneous. And Tuesday nights became sleazy movie nights, a mixture of obscure, independent features and current exploitation hits. I have no idea how the management was able to get a hold of major Hollywood releases such as *Wolf* and *Blown Away* but when the bouncers have names like Vinnie The Chin and Dino "Little Stronzo" Gambelli you're not going to be asking too many questions. And with draft Buds going for seventy-five cents it isn't long before you're incapable of phrasing any kind of query . . . Read on, what follows is important.



Speed

(d) Jan De Bont
(1994)

Ozzy was dragged kicking and screaming to this potboiler once he discovered Keanu Reeves and Jeff Daniels would be doing a lot of male bonding in it but despite the presence of these two non-entities, Mr. Fide has to admit that *Speed* is a mind-blowing-wet-your-pants-did-you-fucking-see-that kind of movie experience. And this despite the presence of the preternaturally wooden Reeves and she-male Daniels. Yes, *Speed* is *tbat* good. Pure unadulterated exploitation: all action, little character development and novel ways of breaking and blowing up things substituting for theme and idea. Plus it's got Dennis Hopper stealing the show as a psychopathic retired cop and bomb aficionado wiring an L.A. bus to go boom-boom if it should hit the mphs at less than fifty miles an hour. Now you'd think that presenting the audience with the spectacle of the city local going through scores of cars and trucks like tissue paper and flying fifty feet through the air over an unfinished overpass would be enough but the filmmakers, leaving nothing to chance, throw in an opening sequence involving a sabotaged elevator and a closing bit with a runaway subway train avec Hopper and Reeves battling topside. Having Sandra (*Demolition Man*) Bullock as the driver of the ill-fated passenger vehicle strains credulity to the

breaking point even in a mindless piece of trash like this but Sandy is kind of cute and you keep hoping she's going to fall out of her clothes so you're probably not going to see this as a real detriment. And Jeff Daniels gets blown to smithereens which, for Oz, despite all the pics pyrotechnics, was the real highlight of this mindless delight.



Wolf
(d) Mike Nichols
(1994)

An elegant, literary, austereley paced meditation on love, power, friendship and the post-modern horror film. Jack Nicholson gives a wonderfully feral performance as William Randall, urbane editor-in-chief of an upscale publishing house about to lose his job as a result of a corporate takeover. At the helm of the buyout is billionaire Christopher Plummer whose first official act is to fire Jack and install Nicholson's protege, James Spader at the helm. What Plummer doesn't know is that Nicholson has been bitten by a wolf and as a result is slowly turning into a rapacious kind of fellow, one who doesn't look too kindly on people walking all over his turf. At home or at work. Alright, so you get the picture, lycanthropy as analogy for the cut-throat, i.e., successful businessman, hell, make that successful individual. What the critics apparently didn't get was that once the screenwriters introduced Michele Pfeiffer as Jack's love interest, *Wolf* became more than a horror film working on a single extended metaphor. The pic does drag a bit though and there's no nudity and little graphic violence but the outstanding performances, the effective Morricone score and the heat between Jack and Michelle more than make up for it. And when was the last time you saw a "monster movie" that asked you to think? And I mean seriously? About a

number of things? And no, I don't mean "things" like "Geez is there a cooler person than Jack Nicholson?" or "Wow! Michele Pfeiffer, I wonder if she looks that good the next morning?" Oh . . . never mind, just see the movie. It might restore your faith in the horror film.



Clear and Present Danger
(d) Phillip Noyce
(1994)

This workmanlike, needlessly intricate espionage thriller adapted from a Tom Clancy novel manages to entertain despite a hundred and forty-two minute running time and the ridiculous conceit at its heart. No, Ozzy can't swallow, not even for a second, the notion that honest men, dedicated to upholding Constitutional and democratic ideals, toil at the CIA. Nevertheless, Harrison Ford as Jack Ryan, a noble and loveable Agency deputy director laboring to undo the damage caused by a clandestine paramilitary operation in Columbia, comes dangerously close, at times, to being believable. This was enough to allow Oz to lose himself in the labyrinthian plot which has Ford initially getting lied to by the President, the NSC, Intelligence and the leader of the aforementioned covert commando corps (Willem Dafoe) and then, getting double crossed by all of them. Except one and let me tell ya, it ain't the President. Although there's a lot of talk—most of it is pretty engaging if somewhat simplistic and determinedly expositional—there's also a lot of violence, daring-do and cheap shot artistry at the expense of America and its capriciously constructed new world order. If the pat and somewhat unimaginative denouement had been as bowel-loosening as the early ambush sequence which kicked Ford and the film into high gear, this flick would have come with my highest recommen-

dation. Since this probably means less than nothing to even long time readers of this column, let me end this tortuous review by stating that *Clear and Present Danger* is almost as good as *The Hunt For Red October* and let you take it from there.



Romeo Is Bleeding
(d) Peter Medak
(1994)



Critics in hip publications were jerking off all over themselves when this pulp noir melodrama hit the theaters earlier this year but now, after finally sitting down to see it, I think I know why. Lena Olin. Oh sure, the cast, which includes Gary Oldham, Roy Scheider, Juliette Lewis and Annabella Sciorra, acts its collective ass off but Lena, as a maniacal Mafia mistress on the run, outshines them all. And it's not merely because lithesome Lena is often in varying states of dishabille; it's because she manages the neat feat of projecting menace, sang froid, libidinous allure and psychoses, often all at once. There ain't nothing unbearable about her lightness of being let me tell ya. I suppose I could let you in on the details of this rather tepid story which has top billed Oldham on the run from the mob and the cops after getting caught playing both sides against the middle once too often but, trust me, it's not the reason you're going to want to rent the tape. Lena Olin, the first time she flashes that gorgeous, leonine smile, sits down and spreads her impossibly shapely legs, you're not

going to care about anything else. Like the fact that this isn't such a hot piece of filmmaking.



The Crow

(d) Alex Proyas
(1994)



Brandon Lee may have gone out with a bang but his last effort is nothing to crow about. More a collection of MTV derived sequences loosely strung together than a film, *The Crow* casts Lee as rocker Eric Draven returning from the dead to exact revenge on the slimeballs who took his life and raped and murdered his adoring wife. Since we know Lee/Draven cannot be killed there is not much chance for suspense; still, brain-dead Proyas might have been able to make up for it with smart pacing and arrestingly rendered scenes of mayhem. He doesn't. The flick lumbers and the violent set pieces are muddily lit, too quickly cut and filled with far too many close-ups. Proyas seems to have forgotten that Lee was an adept martial artist and so we never get to really see the son of Bruce strut his stuff. What the movie does have going for it is a lot of eerie Gothic noir sets, a nice turn from the star and engaging performances by a nice cast of character actors—Tony Todd, Ernie Hudson, David Patrick Kelly, et al. The moody soundtrack which features among others, The Cure, Jesus & Mary Chain and Nine Inch Nails, Pantera, as well as a somber score from Grahame "SPK" Revell is quite effective and should help get

you through the dead spots. Of which there are, unfortunately, far too many.



Immortal Combat

(d) Daniel Neira
(1993)

Now this is the kind of thing you want to see when you go to a drive-in movie: Rowdy Roddy Piper and a beautifully aging Sonny Chiba chasing down undead warriors in the jungles of Mexico. True, there's not much nudity but there is a badly aging Meg Foster overacting as if her life depended on it, a lot of humorous interchanges, especially between stars Piper and Chiba, and, oh yes, lots and lots of fighting. In all manner of styles: kung-fu, tae kwon doe, jujitsu, wrestling both WWF and WCW, Japanese sword, boxing, ad infinitum and delictum. Throw in those deadly star things (explosive and non-explosive), grenades, machine and hand guns, knives, switchblades, metal poles, garbage cans and tree trunks and you have . . . CINEMA! Obviously, none of the aforementioned would matter if everything wasn't choreographed and filmed effectively but, somewhat amazingly for such an obviously low-budgeted flick; it is. Man, why can't exploitation companies make more movies like this? It can't be that fucking hard, can it?



The Shadow

(d) Russell Mulcahy
(1994)

Who knows what evil will lurk in the heart of the average moviegoer after watching this lackluster tribute to the radio and pulp fiction star of yesteryear? Ozzy do. The answer is *plenty*,

so stay away from this dramatically moribund, snail-paced, plotless comic-noir. Alec Baldwin plays the titular hero fighting the last descendant of Genghis Khan (John Lone), a cretinous Oriental stock figure attempting to build an atom bomb as the first step toward world domination. Both the hero and the villain's performances are unspeakably bad yet their incompetence does not even begin to approach that of the mousey, waif-like, screechy-voiced Penelope Anne Miller. How does this woman continue to secure gainful employment? Industry connections? A preternaturally tight pussy? None of it will fly in the face of the sheer loathsomeness, the almost effortless banality of Ms. Miller's work. But then the public is wonderfully tolerant. It forgives everything except genius. Perhaps this is the reason for this tepid potboilers' marginal success at the box office. Perhaps not. Forgive Ozzy for going off on an inconsequential tangent, his mind has become quite clouded after watching this wretched exercise in tedium.



Accion Mutante

(d) Alex de Iglesias
(1993)

Geez, I don't think I've seen a Spanish language film this good since *Viridiana*, ahem, cough cough, I mean since *The Black Pit Of Dr. M.* The title loosely translates as "mutant action" and boy there are plenty of both in this wild flick which has a bunch of freaks led by a half-faced guy in a leather mask wrecking havoc on wealthy Francophiles. Growing bored with ineffectual terrorism, the mutants decide to abduct a hot blonde daughter of a rich socialist at her coming out party and then demand a king's ransom. The kidnapping is a success but what the mutants don't know is that there is a traitor in their midst. Oz doesn't want to give anything away so

I'll just tell you that only two (well three if you consider a Siamese twin to be two people) of the physically challenged criminals survive to escape to a strange mining planet populated by insane, semi-retarded men. And when the latter discover that a beautiful woman has just touched down director Iglesias dispenses with even the pretence at narrative coherence for pointless scenes of torture, gang rape, graphic mutilation, bloodletting and cretinous mayhem. Ozzy loves when a film collapses like this and I'm betting you will too. (Available thru VSoM)



Blown Away
(d)Stephen Hopkins
(1994)

This is a movie about bombs and the things they blow up. There are people in it and they do a very good job in pretending they are afraid of these bombs. Some of these people pretending to be afraid of these bombs are Jeff Bridges, Lloyd Bridges and Forest Whitaker. Tommy Lee Jones is not afraid of bombs but that's because he's the bad guy. A bad guy who also hates Jeff for ruining his chance to use a big bomb in a marketplace in Northern Ireland and then for running off to Boston and getting a job with a bomb squad. And he's even madder that Jeff went on to become a hero and he, Tommy got a one-way ticket to Palookaville Prison for being a bomber. Tommy gets tired of being in stir so naturally he bombs his way out and travels to Beantown where he makes plans to bomb everyone on the bomb squad, then bomb Tommy and then bomb Tommy's wife and kid . . . Yes, as you may have guessed from my faux-naif style, this is an incredibly childish flick; yet its anything but . . . a dud (thought I was going to say "bomb" didn't you?) In fact, it's something of

a blast and I'm sending it off with five cans.



**Psychedelic
Glue Sniffin'
Hillbillies**
(d) Craig Smith
(1994)

Well, there's funny kind of silly and there's deadly serious kind of silly and I suppose a college professor worth his salt will tell you that that's the essential difference between dada and surrealism. Yet what the hell do you call something that's dada surrealist? Ah, let's leave that to the pundits who picked this dandy short experimental piece for inclusion at the recent New York Film Festival while I try to tell you what Ozzy thought he saw at a recent Club Foraneous screening . . . Alright, don't rush me. I'm trying to think . . . God, it's all an alcoholic haze . . . I remember the waitress had the biggest hoot . . . Okay, wait it's coming back to me . . . there were a bunch of rednecks talking to guys in rubber monster masks while music by Helios Creed, Bevis Frond and Elvis Hitler played in the background. That's right. And then these cretins would babble non-sequiturs for a short space and there'd be some grainy leader and suddenly you'd have these amazing montages consisting of tv freak interviews, clips from *The Thing With Two Heads*, *Red & Rosy*, sixties' sleaze, sequences from *The Outer Limits* and *Ultraman*, an old guy dancing, one of the rubber masked guys sniffing glue and . . . and . . . and I can't remember what else but it was all overlaid with these groovy mind-bending special cinematic tricks—elliptical editing, fades, iris eyes, overlays, etc.—which made the whole experience spacey in the extreme. Kind of what Oz imagines a John Waters LSD trip would look and

sound like. If John was *still* doing acid, that is.



Celebrity Porn
(d) Various
(1994)



What is it with our fascination with naked celebrities? Is it because we enjoy seeing soi disant Gods brought down a few notches? Or is it voyeurism of a personal kind, these names and faces having become so familiar to us over the years that watching them in the altogether is akin to spying on a neighbor or a close friend? Ozzy pondered these profound questions before popping in this amazing tape and then never gave them another thought. How could he, what with Linda Blair whining like a little girl while being porked, Rene Bond inarticulately babbling about the joys of fellatio between head bobs, and Barbara Streisand leaving little doubt the lady is a tramp. There's a lot more, including an astounding sequence which finds Chuck "Mr. Goodwill" Berry in a bathtub urinating on some floozies' face. Hey Chuck, a real gentleman would at least offer to kiss an lady after being granted the privilege of taking a leak in her mouth! (Available thru VSoM)

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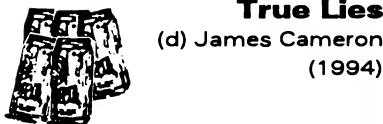
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—Brutarian Quarterly

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2. Do you have incredibly short fingernails?
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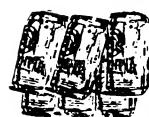
True Lies

(d) James Cameron
(1994)



Arnold Schwarzenegger bounces back in a big way from his *Last Action Hero* debacle, which I thought was unfairly maligned by critics and moviegoers alike, with this amusing and fast-paced spy spoof. Schwarzenegger as a top flight secret agent who has managed to keep his work a secret from his wife (Jamie Lee Curtis) is the nominal star in this Cameron production, but he gives featured player Tom Arnold and Curtis plenty of space to strut their stuff. Mr. Roseanne Barr is, not to put to fine a point on it, quite charming as Schwarzenegger's sardonic sidekick, especially when allowed to give full vent to his misogyny: "Women, you can't live with them, you can't kill them." The leggy Ms. Curtis as the long suffering mousey wife, who metamorphoses into a sexy hellion after discovering her boorish computer salesman hubby is really the Terminator made flesh, acquis herself admirably as well. So admirably, in fact, that her striptease scene had to be cut by several minutes because of its steamy nature. The fractured plot's central concern is the pursuit by Arnold and Arnold of an Arab terrorist group hell-bent on acquiring nuclear weapons. Yet after about forty-five minutes or so, this is jettisoned for a hilarious subplot involving Bill Paxton, his farcical attempts to seduce Jamie Lee and Schwarzenegger and Arnold's high tech overkill efforts to bust up the budding romance. Unfortunately for all con-

cerned, this marvelously written and executed tangent is the film's highlight and its resolution with almost an hour remaining leaves us nowhere to go but down. Still, the filmmakers try to ameliorate this by throwing in everything but the kitchen sink, and after that's been tossed in, a rousing moronic denouement, You've got to admire cretinous spunk like that.



Dope Guns & Destroying Your Video Deck Vol. #3

(d) Various
(1994)

A lot of people are going to come down hard on us for giving our highest rating to a product we're utilizing as an inducement to subscribe to our marvelous magazine. Well let me forestall the righteously indignant by asking them to look in the audio dep section. See any reviews of AmRep product? No, of course not; and that alone should conclusively illustrate the fact that we ain't beholden to anyone for anything. Alright, back to the video: it's an MTV parody hosted by a psychotic Paul Lynde type calling himself Dr. Sphincter who, when he isn't ranting about the Japanese or his own obvious genius, plays music videos from a number of artsy angsty AmRep noise bands like Boss Hog and Guzzard. Interspersed with all of this are vile and contemptuously sophomoric takes on TV kulchur-sitcoms, commercials, spot announcements, promo interviews—which are rather clever and inventive in their own hateful way. The bands ain't half bad neither.



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BUXOM BEAUTEASE

(1956) Director Irving "Sorry, she's all tied up right now" Klaw once again puts away his ropes and paddles to bring us another titillating burlesque feature. As in his "Teaserama" and "Varietease," this film attempts to capture the spirit of an entire burlesque show complete with the cornball comedy team of Joe Young and Gene Doyle. The strippers this go-round include Dorian Dennis and Blaze Starr with guest appearances by Tempest Storm, Lili St. Cyr and others. With this mostly black and white feature, Klaw seemed to be scraping the bottom of the celluloid barrel. Some of the acts appear to be old shorts shot at another time and slapped on. As do the Tempest and Lili spots at the end. Also, the film ends abruptly after an added (?) clip starring Mae Blondell called "Goddess Of Beauty"—No end credits or nuthin'! The flick just suddenly cuts into that worn-out Something Weird film logo! (C'mon, Mike! Make a new one already!) On the plus side, the movie overall still holds a certain charm found only in relics such as these. While not quite as polished or complete looking as Klaw's other feature-length films, B.B. is, nevertheless, crucial viewing for fans of burlesque. The comedy duo is actually funnier than any of the yucksters in the other two features but in this case that's like saying shit is better than diarrhea. 'Sides, that ain't what we're here for, is it? And the ladies? Most all of them are quite lovely, usually performing "classic-style" teases-fan and veil dances, etc.,

SINTHIA: THE DEVIL'S DOLL

and never stripping down to less than pasties and panties. Very elegant, for the most part. Some of the added clips seem a bit more cheesy. Dancer Trudy Wayne's act, for instance, is shot on a cheap looking sofa with cheap looking venetian blinds in the background and is on scratchy, cheap looking film stock to boot. But these are minor gripes. Blaze Starr is a real scorcher and just oozes passion, and Tempest is just bustin' out all ovah! My only real complaint is about the color scene starring the gorgeous Lili St. Cyr—it's too damn short and is over way too quickly. Lili does a harem-esque desert strip and reprises her famous bubble-bath routine, this time, in a see-through tub! More, Irving! More! (Something Weird Video)

(1968) Ray Dennis Stecklar (under the pseudonym Sven Christian) presents us with a seventy-seven minute acid-trip sexploit which tells the story of Sintia and her attempt to come to grips with her past. The surreal non-plot of the film follows her through a series of flashbacks, flash-forwards, freak-outs and other non-linear psychedelic madness. In the hands of a less competent director, this could have been seventy-seven minutes of tripped-out tedium. But Stecklar keeps the flick interesting with his creative camera work and fast-paced editing. This, his only nudie-film (that I know of), has scenes of an inferno-like orgy in hell, weird colored faces that haunt Sintia, and "tasteful" erotic moments with hints of lesbianism and incest. Rat Piss this ain't! Sintia, well portrayed by sexy Shula Roan, comes across as a confused and tortured soul: A sexual free-spirit looking for an answer to

by Brian Horrorwitz

her problems as well as the cause of her eternal anguish. What story there is revolves around a traumatic incident which opens the movie: When twelve years old (but looking more like twenty-seven) Synthia witnesses her parents making love as Mom tells Dad he's been spending too much time with their daughter. This sends little Synthia into a psychotic, jealous rage. Synthia stabs both of her parents to death and then torches the place to boot! Now an adult, her shrink tells her that in order to end her internal torment she must go back in her mind and relive the incident, this time letting herself "die" in the flames. Along her mental trip, Cynthia meets various people, some of whom represent her mother and father. In hell (?) she is told by a devil figure and his cult that she now belongs to them! The colored faces call her name while fading in and out over a blackened background. The story continues in a train-of-thought style somewhat similar to some of Jess Franco's better stuff. Depending on your tastes you'll either find this film weird and fascinating or pretentious and dull. Personally, I was amazed at the way "Synthia" managed to keep my attention all the way until the end. If you're a fan of Ray Dennis Stecklar or trippy psycho-delic nudie flicks then this doll's for you.

(Something Weird and Sinister Cinema)

SEXUS: A STUDY OF SEXUAL EXCESS...

(1964) A SECRET CLUB SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE: Drums go wild as two chicks get down writhing in erotic gyrations of passion before a small crowd of eager onlookers . . . THE STREET: Two men quietly kidnap a young heiress . . . (BLACKIE: suave attractive speechless deadly . . . THE NAMELESS MAN: pock-faced angry desperate . . .) Seeing their silencer, she too is quiet. A HOUSE: Distant in the country no one has yet spoken. THE HOSTAGE: Virginia a sultry big-eyed brunette who could give any man . . . "ideas" . . . but these men are out for ransom only or are they? TIME PASSES the men finally begin to speak arm wrestle drink beer . . . TIME PASSES their "friend," a short haired nameless cutie fixes food . . . THE PHONE: "Her old man called the cops!" SUDDENLY A CAR It's only Frankie, the third wheel, with a message: "If there's no money by four PM, the girl gets it!" get it? MYSTERY MUSIC FILLS THE NIGHT tension mounts Frankie moves it upstairs with cutie #2 Chet Baker blasts the notes which sends them a little knife speeds up the undressing process . . . VIRGINIA seizes the moment and is out of the joint in a flash! POCK-FACE finds her rolling naked in a nearby field must be something in the perrier this kinda behavior inspires him perspires him . . . THE HOUSE: #2 does the strip thing the hip-shake thing dig it . . .

OUTSIDE: the night Blackie arrives on the verge of a rape knives slash the night Blackie survives . . . one partner less. RUN, VIRGINIA, RUN! BLACKIE: "Frankie! She's escaped!" They chase they split Frankie discovers . . . the dead man. A SHOOTOUT: Friends no more goodbye, Frankie. THE PHONE: "The deals off! There's a hitch! KILL THE GIRL and GET OUT!" What now, Blackie? What now? . . . THE CLUB: Tribal drums beat out the S&M nightmare that's entertainment #2 comes in, spills the word to . . . The Boss. (He angrily races, with death and killing on his mind, towards) THE HOUSE: Virginia confesses love for Blackie they embrace her heavy breathing heightens the darkly lit visions of ECSTASY embracing hands entangled feet nails caressing, digging desperately grasping for the short-lived moment of PASSION . . . THE PHONE: Rings . . . THE PHONE: Rings . . . rings . . . The Police are closing in, Blackie the boss is on his way, Blackie . . . Now, what? . . . "LOVE IS EVEN STRONGER THAN BULLETS." BANG! (Audobon)

VALERIE AND HER WEEK OF WONDERS

(1970) Sitting down to watch this Czechoslovakian made film from director Jaromil Jireš, I had little idea what to expect. What a pleasant surprise I was in for. "Valerie . . ." is one of those rare cinematic experiences in which a movie surpassed any remote vision I had of what the thing might be like. It is truly a wonderful, creative, erotic work of art. (I know what you're thinkin': "What? Has Onan geeked-out on us? Next thing he'll be reviewin' some Russian fairy tale!" But hear me out . . .) "Valerie" plays like an adult fairy tale with horrific and sexual overtones. Not a satirical titty-fest like the silly X-rated "Pinocchio" and "Cinderella" flicks, but a completely original and extremely effective effort. Thirteen year old Valerie lives with her grandmother (her parents are presumed dead) and has an innocent fascination with a group of actors visiting town. Carefree and curious, she spends her time walking in the woods, watching young lovers in the bushes. One day, Valerie notices that Richard, the town constable, is actually a vampire! His unwilling assistant, Eagle, gives Valerie some magic earrings to fend off Richard's vampiric attacks. Grandma, on the other hand, willfully submits to him so that she may live forever. Valerie and Eagle discover her basement to be filled with coffins containing the deadly constable's victims. At one point, Valerie believes that he is actually her father, and Eagle her brother! Or are they? . . . The trick to this flick is not so much what is happening, but the fairy tale-like way it is shown to us: the use of magic earrings, the dreamlike, nonsensical actions of the character's, the fantasy inspiring chorus-filled



Sophie (Agnes Laurent) reflects on a new career in *The Fast Set*.

music heard throughout the soundtrack . . . Not to mention the lighthearted way in which Jireš tackles his sordid subject matter. We're dealing with a thirteen year old girl, multiple incest, vampires, not to mention witch burnings and the sexual coming of age of a very young but very beautiful girl. It's all presented in a straight-forward "mother-goose for grownups" way. Jireš film is so well made and looks so predetermined, it comes across as quite beautiful and not sleazy at all. (Hey, even Onan has a soft spot, so to speak.) Each shot is so picturesque and perfectly framed that the director seems to have this specific mood he is trying to evoke. The charmingly sexy Valerie herself (who's not *really* thirteen—we hope!) seems to react in a way that would only make sense in a story of no sense. Indeed, her erotic behavior is all portrayed as reasonable behavior. In one scene, she "sleeps" naked with an older married woman to feel protected. Later, she tries to save the dying Richard (believing him to be her father) by sucking the blood from a live chicken and feeding it to him mouth to mouth. Jireš uses moments like these as excuses to show us erotic images, but pulls it off extremely well. Very sexual, but at the same time so seemingly innocent. The nubile Valerie herself is one of the few characters who is ever actually seen nude, but comes across as the most innocent of all. Overall, the picture seems like the dream of a young girl coming of age, crossing the barrier from childlike innocence to sexual awakening. The movie's ending solidifies this: all the characters in the story joyfully dance around Valerie in the woods merrily singing to her, "Goodnight, my dear. Goodnight, sweet dreams," while she climbs into a bed in a clearing. As she falls asleep the singing continues: "When you awake, my love, keep safe your secret." The people vanish, leaving Valerie alone, now asleep in bed in a forest of dreams. A film like this is hard to

visualize from written words, but if this sounds remotely interesting, I'd recommend checking it out. (Redemption Video)

THE FAST SET, AKA THE NUDE SET

(1961) Ah, gay Paris. Ze land of l'amour, la romance . . . and le strip tease! Oui. Ze French are a tres progressive people, non? Take pour instance, sweet little mademoiselle Sophie. A quiet little French frail about to blossom into a hot piece o' tail. So sweet and innocent until she parlez vous her French-ass to naughty, naughty Paris—where her fiance Jack awaits. Ah, but Jack eats his toast and fries with a faster crowd, comprenez? Take pour example Alena, ze nude model d'artistes. A platinum blond with a derriere par excellence. Oui! And Rita, le belle dans le Cafe de Flore—the gang's swingin' strip and music hangout. Le dances de les filles! Le rocking and le rolling of "Moustache" and his band! It's all de trop for Sophie and her rien qu'un vieux degueulasse boyfriend. Oui. What's a gentille to do to get back at that cochon? Souiller la con! Sophie dashes out on the nightclub stage and . . . Sacre Merde! Oui! Oui! Ah, oui!! Decoller her garments! Ooh la la, Sophie! Tres petite tits, elle est belle? La spunk de spew! Oui . . . oui . . . Oui . . . Pardon, ou est la latrine?

TRANSLATION: Worth a look. (Audobon Films)

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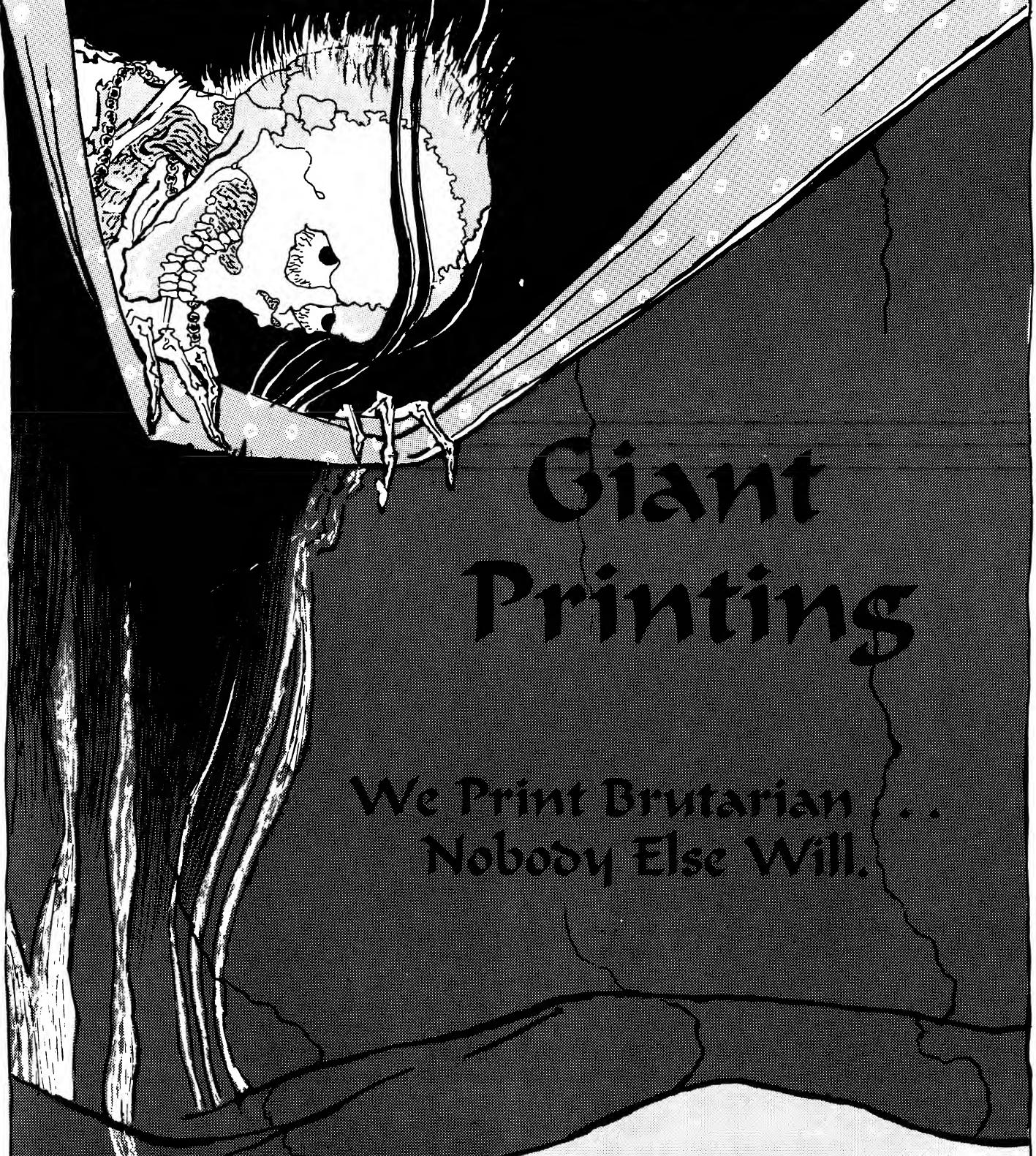


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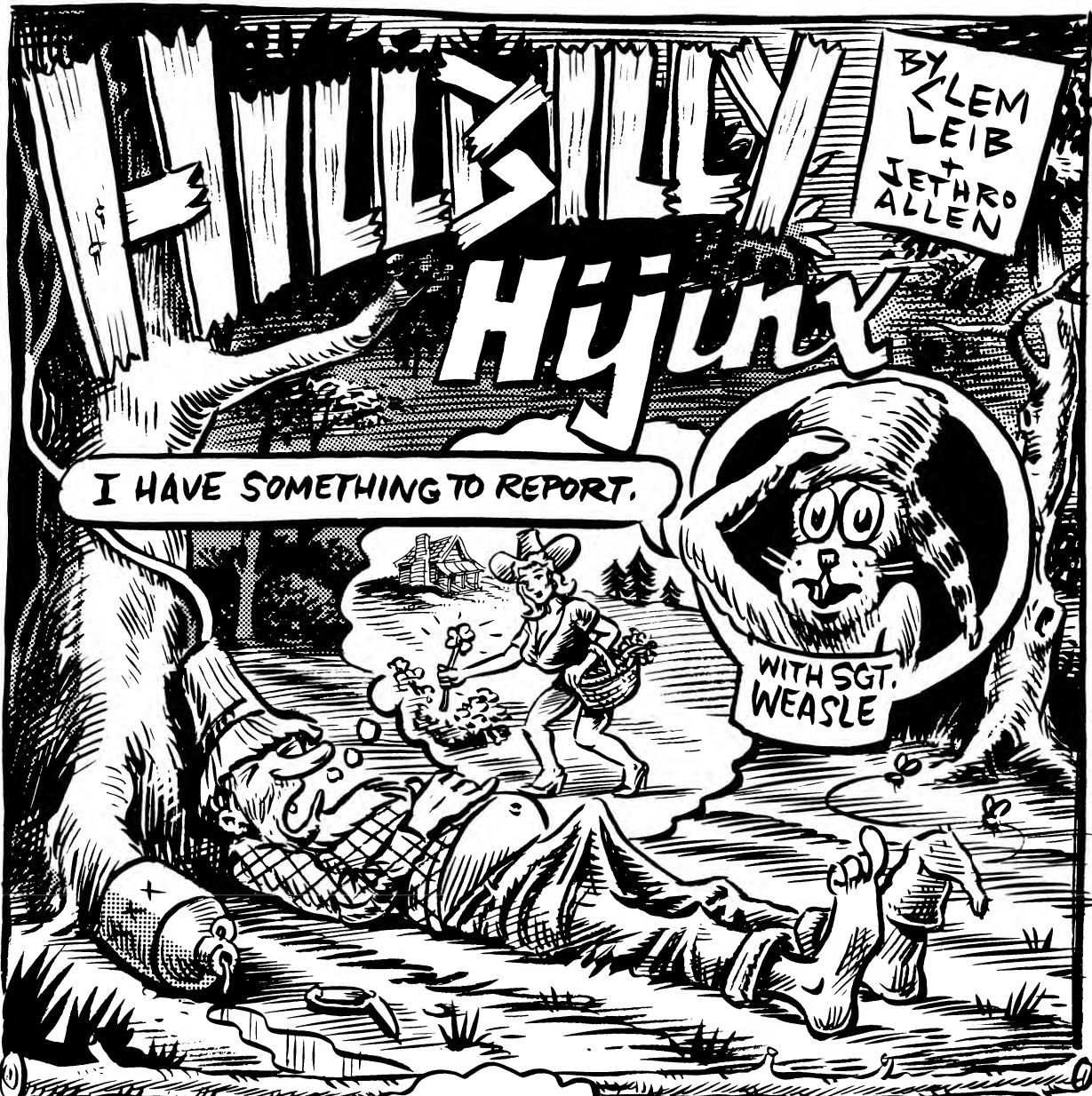
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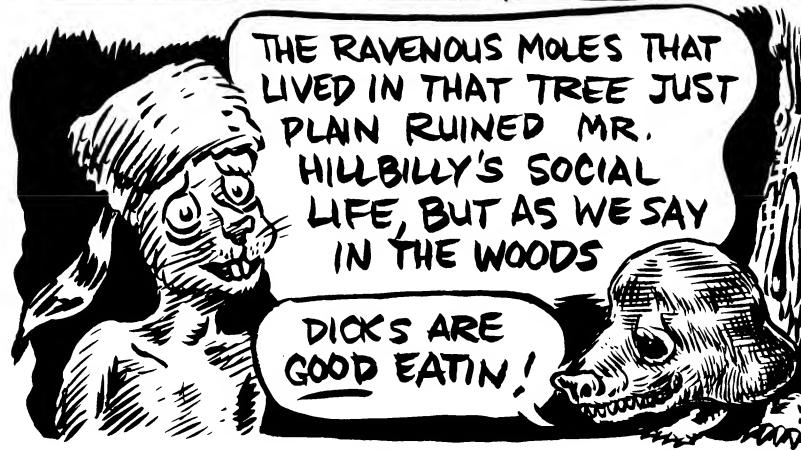
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ask for David





Before getting into the meat of the matter, a brief preface is in order. From the get-go, Dom has graciously granted me the green light to write about any subject rattling around in my skull. As such, I've tried to provide a "variety pack," varying the subject matter so that On Manor's Mind covers a wide spectrum rather than a particular topic. Nonetheless, there are certain targets so particularly annoying and frequently in our face, they warrant more than one assault. They are the equivalent of a Trekkie continually walking by with a "Kick Me" sign taped to the back of his shirt. And I just can't resist. With that in mind, boldly risking charges of redundancy, I once again present a spokesperson rant.

Thanks to Burger King discontinuing their spots with Dan "Mr. Failed Series" Cortese, things were going well for a while. Unfortunately, trouble arrived on the noon stagecoach from Jerky Gulch in the form of the utterly obnoxious AT&T Collect shill.

A basic thrashing just isn't enough for the AT&T Anus. He deserves to be massaged with a porcupine and dipped in salt. The supersmarmy telephone turd with a neck like an eggroll is aggressively condescending, thus begging an extreme physical reaction. Gravest offense of all, he is one of those pseudocomics who has adapted the mannerisms of unfunny coward David "Bedwetterman" Letterman, god of smugness.

Someone told me the phone pitch failure is a Saturday Night Live cast member. Explains volumes, doesn't it? Anybody who is home Saturday at 11:30 p.m. watching a show that ceased being amusing decades ago, instead of consuming toxic levels of Buds and 'Boros in a poorly ventilated public establishment, falls into the category *loserus maximus*. Is this really the audience AT&T wants to reach out and touch?

Speaking of the King Of Beers, those twentysomething group geekathons can sure inspire a viewer to think perhaps there is a good reason not to ban assault weapons. The typical scenario involves Gen-Xers waxing nostalgic about Boomer-era toys, programs and albums the youths can't possibly remember. Are we actually supposed to believe twenty-two-year-olds reminisce over "Smoke On The Water?" Half of these kids were embryos when the Deep Purple tune was charting. What's next, yuppies recalling the good old days of World War II?

My advice to ad houses hoping to appeal to those in the Brut readership demographic is to hire a spokesperson who'd inspire consumers to ring cash registers, not wring his throat. You get Ric Flair to proclaim "Hey, pal, learn to love A-1 Steak Sauce because it's the best thing going. Woooo!" and I'm halfway to Pathmark. Nina Hartley purrs "Grandpa Stroehmann handles the best buns," my Wonder Bread goes straight in the dumpster. Get a clue, Madison Avenue.

(Note to sniveling complainers: All right, so I tend to devote many column inches to the broadcast media. What do you expect, cooking tips? Fine. Preheat an oven to four hundred and twenty-five degrees. Now close the door. From the inside.)

EXTRAORDINARY INSIGHT: Big "thumbs down" to pro-am pornstress Gloria plugged (so to speak) two columns ago. After I sent her a clip of the O-M-M piece which shamelessly suggested she send me a few tapes, Gloria had the audacity NOT to do so. The nerve of some people! . . . Sure hope the Rolling Stones release yet another atrocious concert tour film, don't you? Did you know the audio of Let's Spend The Night Together is not from the same show as the video por-

tion? Straight stuff . . . Speaking of fossils, I wonder how many of the half-wits who spent obscene bucks for a pair of Eagles tickets knew that for the same money they could've bought a nice crossbow and stalked Glenn Frey . . . Conned into attending a social event, realized you hate everyone there and want to sicken as many as possible? In an unnaturally loud voice, volunteer "I never have a problem finding women to have sex with. And I never will—as long as I keep my job at the morgue." . . . Haven't ODed on O.J. news? Consider the following. The Tate-LaBianca massacre, Southern California, late Sixties, multiple stab wounds. Where was Simpson in that era? Attending USC! I suppose O.J. is going to claim he is innocent of THOSE, murders too! . . . There's a large crossover audience among fans of pro-wrestling, strip joints and adult films. As a public service, I've coined a term for the hybrid of these fine entertainment forms: the topless arts. You read it here first . . . Has Arsenio Hall ever sat for a photo and NOT struck a silly pose? . . . At what point does a performer begin wearing wire-framed glasses during interviews in a fruitless endeavor to look "serious"? . . . Ted Danson, sweetheart, the look is YOU . . . Another ridiculous affection long overdue for extinction: that never-attractive-in-the-first-place "5 o'clock shadow" stubble. Imagine intentionally wanting to resemble George Michael . . . Can anyone explain how an American-pressed CD of an American band on an American label is not distributed in the U.S. but is available overseas, meaning you can buy it here as an "import" for twenty-five freakin' dollars?!? Makes about as much sense as the mega-hyping of Ben Stiller and the brief but incredibly absurd Tony "I Left My Voice In 1960" Bennett craze.

HUBBA HUBBA HONEY: O-M-M traditionally concludes with a Hubba Hubba Honey section, dedicated to a babe such as Joanna Cassidy whose appeal has been sadly overlooked by the less enlightened. This time, though, I must address a goofy chick debuting in the issue you now hold.

According to the Brutarian Towers' grapevine, this broad submitted (her favorite verb) a manuscript wherein, in a lame attempt to mimic my controversiality, she took the unpopular stance of dissing me. Well, blow me down. Or up.

Sure, I could assault her integrity by implying she's done more work on beds than a Craftmatic repairman, or that she is the only woman I know whose entire lingerie collection is constructed of rubber, but to publish such information would be beneath me.

Truth of the matter: the tomato's in love with me and, consequently, irked that I turned down her invitation to "teach you how a Frenchman supports a gal doing a handstand." In fact, before I brushed her off, the tart was all set to legally change her name to Stacy Jane as a tribute to Stately Wayne.

I suggest we all humor her for now. Sooner or later, her obsession will be directed toward another man; perhaps one of the regular patrons at that club by the airport where she dances on tables.

HEY Would-be Brutarian Contributors:

Searching for a forum suitable to express your deluded messianic ravings? Possessed of a spleen sorely in need of a good venting? Send us your ravings, your missives yearning to breathe free! If yer real good, there might be some beer money it fer ya.

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November 5, 1994

ALL MEN LIE

but it's because women don't want to hear the truth. Your mother didn't want to hear the truth, your sister doesn't want to hear the truth, your girlfriends don't want to hear it and neither do you. The truth takes effort.

What's even more amazing is that women ask their men to lie. Maureen told Steve he better pack his bags if he's ever unfaithful; of course Steve's not going to fess up about his fling with Cathy, not until he's truly ready to leave, which will not be in my lifetime. And Laura told Roger that if he ever even has an unfaithful thought, he's iced. She would never want to have anything to do with him. Not even talk to the poor bastard. Ladies, you fools, it's obvious that your men are unhappy:

They're screwing other women when they should be screwing you!

Why are you gals willing to give up the fight so easily? Why are the boys desperately clinging to frustrating relationships? Is it because you've completely dehumanized them? *Please honey, don't try to communicate with me. Don't tell me when you're confused and hurting, and above all, don't ever tell me the truth.* Yes, I think that's it. Conditioning by fear of punishment has imprisoned your men in lives of guilt and loneliness. The Catholic Church should canonize you. Congratulations ladies. You've successfully emasculated your men, and now you too are miserable. Do you want to be happy? If you do, go get those balls you have locked up in the freezer and give them back to your man. I think you'll be much happier bustin' your back than bustin' his balls.

It's not going to be easy because you too have been conditioned. Start by laying off those domestic expectations you've erected. If the dirty dishes piling up in the kitchen sink irritate you, then clean the fucking things yourself. And if sitting on a piss splattered toilet seat triggers an uncontrollable rage, then wipe it off! Wash it, wipe it, sweep it, dust it, mop it, scrub it, iron it, fold it and hang it! Do it all yourself and expect nothing, no awards or rewards other than a tidy home and a dry seat.

I can't think of a much more heinous example of ball-busting than leaving him a reminder note—*John, please walk the dog and don't forget to take out the trash. I love you, Cindy.* Why does Cindy do this? She knows John is groping for those shriveled raisins that were once his testicles. I didn't think John had any balls left. The government got a piece of them with a possession conviction and his two former wives split what was left of the set. It's a shame Cindy doesn't comprehend that she has pussy power and doesn't need his fucking gonads, but then how can she tumble to even mundane realization when she utilizes her brain only to fill the space between her ears? Cindy, you vacuous lump of shit, willfully contributing to the oppression of women, if you truly want respect from men,

Shorten all of your skirts and give up the quest for the family pants.

Girl fren, assuming domestication of your man is your goal (and if it is then you should immediately seek psychological counselling) don't waste your energy punishin' and poutin' when you could be pumpin' and poundin'. Rather than signing off with a meaningless "I love you," try:

Tonight I'll be at your mercy. Take my body and explore. I'll yield to your commands . . . And then I'll lick your asshole, finger-fuck you and suck you off 'til you faint.

Hell, a man would never forget to take the trash out with that closing. A few drops of urine on the page and I bet Little Johnnie will do the laundry in handcuffs and a diaper.

Ew, I'm writing like a Brutarian swine, seemingly the province of men save perhaps Sally Eckhoff and Claire Richards, the latter obviously too lame to stick with Brutarian since she no longer contributes. And the opportunistic Sally Eckhoff capriciously submitting her work, is she truly deserving of the moniker "Brutarienne?" Either fuck us or leave us baby. And just what the hell are you talking about *Ms. Village Voice?* Do you really fuck animals? If you do, can I watch? Can I join you? We can start out slowly, just the two of us and then . . . the Bronx Zoo. Whatta you say Sal?

L E T ' S F U C K!

And speaking of the highly revered Brutarian title, it appears that any loathsome fuck who bends over and reveals his hind parts to those misogynistic, egotistical, tyrannical pigs at the "Spawn Ranch" is worthy of a place in the porcine pantheon. What's with this cretin "Stately Wayne Manor?" O.K., he's obviously a devout Brut 'cause he submits his lame column every friggin' issue, but I got some bad news for you Stateless. You wouldn't be my first choice for fuck of the night at the Brutarian convention. Here's the deal Stately. I've seen pictures of you in wrestling mags and you're not bad looking, so if you promise to keep your moronic thoughts to yourself, I'll do you. If you want a repeat performance (if you are a man you'll want it again and again) you have to promise to Throw away your television. Can you do it Studly? You know where to reach me.

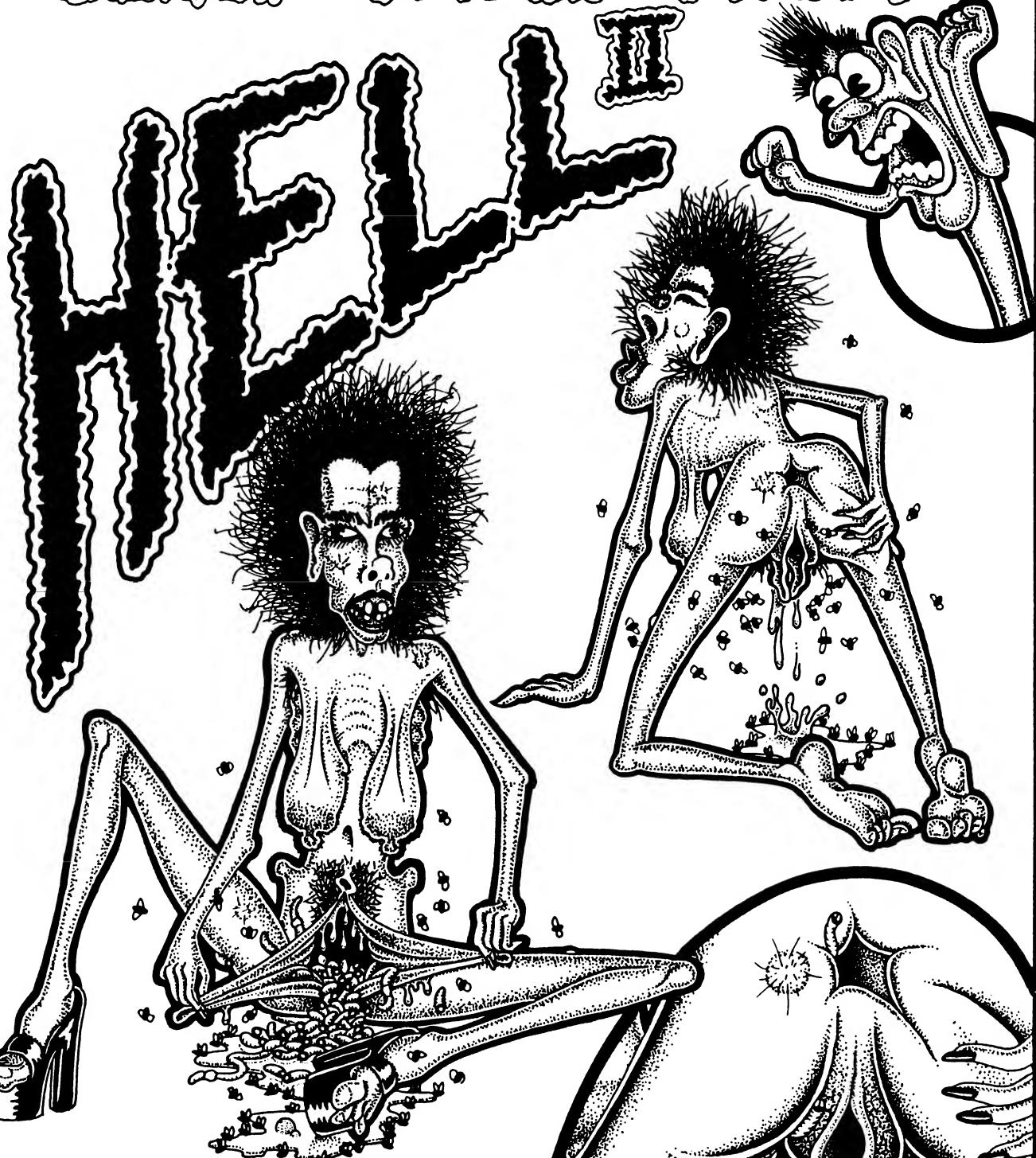
Oh and by the way, ball-busting is not a control mechanism used solely by women. Men have a more devastating version. It's called MIND-FUCKING!

THE SMARTER THE MAN, THE BETTER THE FUCK.

It's a topic that will have to wait to be addressed for it warrants all of Brutarian's eighty-four sacred pages.

— Sandy Smiroldo

BLIND DATES FROM



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Gargoyle Music

Jim Schoene



☞ For singles collectors, check out two gems from the lunatics at Charnel Music (formerly Charnel House). The first is **Crash Worship**'s three track "Pyru." The group's line-up includes three drummers, a pretty weird guitarist and two singers/in-cantators. Live, these guys create an almost ritualistic, celebratory feel, while their recordings are a bit more subdued. They should be on tour this summer and fall. Also new on 7" is an offering by **Gravitar**. Two cuts, "Evil Monkey Boy" and "She's Not Heavy, She's My Mother," are thick slabs of heavy trancenoise, if you will. Hailing from Michigan, this is at times reminiscent of Skullflower and even the great Caspar Brotzmann. Their full-length disc, *Chinga su Corazon*, is now available on Charnel

Music. Both these singles are beautifully packaged in full color, slick sleeves. Our friends still reside at Charnel Music Prod., P.O. Box 170277, San Francisco, CA, 94117-0277. They keep putting out quality product. Don't miss any of it.

☞ Next time you're at your local comic shop, look for **Tomato #1** by artist Ellen Forney, a talented newcomer who was recently seen schmoozing with the Brutarian hierarchy at Atomic Books, Baltimore's finest reading emporium. *Tomato* is quirky, personal stuff which has, to put it simply, something to say. Moreover, a lot of comic work today is nicely detailed and drawn, etc., etc., but to the Pope's eyes, ain't too fun to look at. This is. So is Ellen. End of story. If you can't find the comic, get it direct from Starhead Comix, P.O. Box 30044, Seattle, WA, 98103

☞ **Smashed Blocked** is a fanzine (a big one) which deals with the 60's

music scene, here and in the U.K. Cheaply produced but packed with info, reviews and interviews, issue #6 includes articles on the Godz (the ESP group), early Bob Seger and the Last Heard, the jazzy side of Manfred Mann. In addition, you get an interview with Brian Auger, one with Pete Watson of the Action and an article on British 60's surf/vocal pop stuff. Very informative, sometimes hard to read because of the

print, but if 60's artyfacts are your thing then this is right up your alley. Write to Smashed Blocked c/o William Luther Jr., 91 Pergola Ave., Jamesburg, NJ 08831.

☞ Attention cheesecake fans! *The Betty Pages*, Greg Theakston's digest-sized, ongoing tribute to pin-up art in general and Betty Page in particular, has become **Tease**, a full-sized, slick-as-hell paean to the world of beautiful women. Subtitled "The Magazine of Sexy Fun," issue #1 includes a visit to a stripper's museum in California, some great dirty French postcards, an interview with John Waters, an overview of babes in dinosaur flicks, and some lascivious selections from the sketchbook of Ren and Stimpy creator John Kricfalusi. For you serious fans, you can now get high quality prints of Betty Page, drawn by Theakston and signed by both the artist and BETTY PAGE! The lion's share of the money goes to Ms. Page. Very slick, very glossy, very nice. Available at reputable newsstands or direct from Pure Imagination, 88 Lexington Ave, Suite 2E, NY, NY 10016.

☞ Fresh from our friends at Skin Craft Records comes a cornucopia of



7"ers and comic book sets from a bunch of goofy bands. First and foremost is **Zen!Geva**, produced by Steve Albini, with two new songs, "Autofuck" and "When I Was On Horseback." Loud and massive. Their bastard cousins, **Space Streakings**, show up with "Sexual Aesthetic Salon After School" b/w "Complaining Children." Headspinning and hyperactive, as usual. Also available are sets by **Shorty, Mama Tick, Mount Shasta, Fruitcake, and Dazzling Killmen**. The comix are done by various Skin Graft artists including Rob Syers, Paul Nitsche, and Harvey Stafford. They also have great T-shirts and other goodies available designed to suck up all your money. These singles should be available at high quality stores or direct from Skin Graft, P.O. Box 257546, Chicago, IL, 60625.  Our pal John Marr of **Murder Can Be Fun** has put out an issue devoted to obscure crime books. Utilizing repros of cover art this edition takes a close look at many of the harder-to-find true crime books. Good luck finding them! (Although I bet John Waters has most of 'em.) Send John \$1.50 for his labor of love at P.O. Box



640111, San Francisco, CA 94109.  Without doubt one of the most amazing publications of modern times has made its wet way across the Pontiff's trail. **Splosh!**, subtitled "The Wet and Messy Fun Mag," comes to us from the British Isles, which only serves to show that those calm reserved Limeys are every bit as twisted and perverse as we Yanks. A big, slick, glossy and very colorful mag, *Splosh!* contains great black & white as well as color photos of women covered in a variety of liquids, creams, foods, sauces, etc. Nude and semi-nude women sploshed with wetness! What could be better? We're treated to gals wrestling in a mud pit near the ocean, a birthday food fight between three luscious lasses, close-ups of breasts smeared with chocolate, whipped cream, and other delights. Right! These guys are nuts. Also we have it on very good authority that John Waters purchased the first issues to hit the Baltimore area. Obviously, the man knows his stuff. Write these goofballs for subscription info at Splosh!, P.O. Box 70, St. Leonards-on-Sea, East Sussex, TN38 OPX, England.  A publication which pretty much covers all of the basic human needs, desires, fantasies, et al., has arrived and those of you who don't know, need to know about it. It's called **Headpress** and it comes



(once again) from those crazy Brits. It's subtitled "The Journal of Sex Religion Death," and this is only part of the wrongness these people deal with. Issue #8 is here, and in it we're graced with an in-depth look at porn stars whose greatest asset is their ass, and their uses thereof, an interview with Steven Johnson, an artist whose recent work depicts still lifes of parted buttocks and various landscapes of somewhat diseased human flesh (his most recent collection, still unpublished, is called *My Stinking Ass*); a fascinating look at Veronica Compton, the woman who was apparently trying to help Ken Bianchi by committing a copycat murder and placing some of his semen (smuggled out of prison) inside the victim. The amazing thing about this story is that it was written by Douglas Clark, one of the Sunset Slayers, who had a penchant for forcing victims to fellate him, then shooting them in the head at the moment of orgasm! I mean, would you want a testimonial from this guy? Also in this edition we're given a guide to public toilets in Manchester, an interview with German weirdo super 8 filmmaker Klaus Beyer by none other than Jorg Buttgerit, and other fabulous articles and reviews. Overall, a very, very impressive mag which every Brutarian should read. Available at good stores (also Tower stocks it) or write directly to Headpress, P.O. Box 160, Stockport, Cheshire, SK1 4ET, England. Tell them we sent you.  Normally, we wouldn't give **FilmFax** the time of day but the Pope feels it is his duty (somewhat painfully since they woefully underpaid both Dom Salemi and Stately Wayne Manor for their magnificent feature stories) to inform you that the latest issue has a long piece on cruelly-neglected Limey ham Todd Slaughter. It's the first detailed article I've seen on him and you owe it to yourself to read it. No one skulked like this guy, before or since. Start with The Demon Barber of Fleet Street and then run down everything you can.

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HENRY & OTTIS



HANDS OF DEATH
TOUR

RIGHT



BRUTICKS



DO RAY ME
OR AND
UCK
OU

PI

